





Alice Grey

~~Miss~~

E. E. Addison.





ALICE GREY.

No Water triumph'd & I've come to see the great truth
 (goes to embrace Jane, who lies in a swoon)
 Keep off, keep off.

Published by J. FATTIE, N. 4. Dr. dy. . .

ALICE GREY,
THE SUSPECTED ONE;
OR,
THE MORAL BRAND.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA,
IN THREE ACTS,
BY I. T. HAINES, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
ROYAL SURREY THEATRE,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPT BOOK, WITH EXITS,
ENTRANCES, ETC.,

*And, for the First Time any Dramatic Work has possessed the
same advantages in publication,*

Plots of the Scenery, Properties, Calls,

COPY OF ORIGINAL BILL, INCIDENTS, &c.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES PATTIE,
BRYDGES STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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Scenery.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Entrance to the village of Heathfield from the London road—the Cornflower Inn, with rudely painted sign R.—a gaudily painted house, with green viranda and blinds, and a huge brass plate on door, inscribed "*Caleb Kit*" L.—at the back, as the village is supposed on a hill, a very extensive and picturesque landscape, with the road for a great distance visible.

SCENE II.—Apartment of the Inn—practicable windows in flat R.S.

SCENE III.—A Large Room of the Inn—a stair case R.—another L.—supposed to lead to sleeping rooms above.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wretched Apartment—very dilapidated, yet very clean—the furniture very mean.

SCENE II.—A Parlor in the house of Mr Jeremy—furnished in a style of vulgar finery.

SCENE III.—A Retired Walk, or Avenue in Mr Jeremy's Garden.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Cornflower Inn—steps lead to doors in flat, supposed bed rooms—a window L. practicable.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Exterior of the Cornflower Inn—the House of Mr Caleb Kit, as in Act I.—the dancing board taken down—the windows closed—and a large placard written, "*To let, enquire of Caleb Kit, Esq., Terpsichore Hall,*" conspicuous over the door—the stage, and the adjoining country covered with snow.

SCENE II.—Interior of Alice's Habitation.

SCENE III.—Justice Room in the Inn—large windows fill almost the whole of the back of the stage through which is seen a snowy landscape, &c.—fire R.—a clock, practicable, stands R.—a glass door at the back—two others R. and L.

Properties.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rudely painted Inn sign of the “*Cornflower*” R.—a huge brass plate on door L., inscribed “*Caleb Kit*”—a sign board stands against house L.—table and forms R., with drinking cups, &c. discovered—jug of ale ready at door T.E.R.—the sign board against house L., on the off side written “*Mr Caleb Kit, Teacher of Dancing, Grecian Exercises, and Toxophical Positions; late a Pupil of Mons. Malfried of Paris and London.*”—basket of tools for Harry Hamerton—a whisp of straw for Chrystal Baxter, and curry comb—whip ready behind U.E.L.—carpet bag, boxes, bundels, &c. for Jeremy—address cards for Caleb Kit.

SCENE II.—Lighted candles for Caleb—chairs, tables.

SCENE III.—Fiddle for Caleb Kit—small bag of money and locket for Alice—white apron for Collins—trays of sandwiches, wine, glasses, &c.—umbrella and candle for Caleb—blanket for Collins.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Mean furniture—stump bed U.E.L.—needle work, &c.—chairs, stool, &c. discovered.

SCENE II.—Highly ornamental harp—bows and arrow scattered about—a cheval glass L.—sofa, book, chairs, &c. all discovered—bundle for Alice—letter—lights for servants, &c.

SCENE III.—A black patch for Collins, also a square box and clasp knife.

SCENE IV.—Dark lanthorn—wallet, or horse-bag for Chrystal Baxter—large clasp knife—torches—red fire.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A placard written “*To let, enquire of Caleb Kit, Esq., Terpsichore Hall.*”

SCENE II.—Stools, chairs, table—tablecloth, knives, &c. on table—letter scrap burnt, written—pistol for Chrystal—a paper—miniature—locket for Hamerton.

SCENE III.—Fire-place with fire R.—clock L.—chairs, &c.—a pocket-book for Mr Demure—pistol to fire for officer.



*# Prompt Books
marked for the Walnut St.
Theatre, Philadelphia
Feby 1840.
S. C. Fowles.*

[1]

ALICE GRAY,
THE SUSPECTED ONE;

OR,

THE MORAL BRAND.

*Take notice
of the printed titles.*

[1]
Peasants
Male & Female
Cale Kit, address
cards—Har-
ry Hammer-
to basket
of tools—Job
Merriton ju-
of ale.

SCENE I.—The entrance to the village of Heathfield from the London Road—the Cornflower Inn, a neat rural tavern with its vine covered front and rudely painted sign, stands R.—a gaudily painted house with green viranda and blinds, and a huge brass plate on the door inscribed “Mr Calib Kit” is L.—at the back, as the village is supposed on a hill—a very extensive and picturesque landscape seen below, with the road for a great distance—a table and forms at the door of the Inn—husbandmen drinking—a sign board stands against the house L.—~~The curtain ascends to the symphony of the following, during which JOB MERRITON brings in ale.~~

~~GLEE AND CHORUS.~~

~~The cornflower grows in the full grain'd field,
And it nods its bright head to the ripening sun;
'Tis a sign that the husbandmen's efforts yield
A welcome reward when his labor's done.
Thus welcome the flail
And the milking pail,
And welcome the cherry cheek'd maid of the farm;
Her lips are as sweet
As the ripening wheat,
And her bosom as pure and as free from harm.
Then fill to the flail
And the milking pail
Fill—fill of the nut-brown ale.~~

SOLOS.

Bass. { The cornflower is not a rankling weed
That poisons the sweet wholesome grain and is growing

*Had there been made by
how to do so,
can David trouble it
Crystal
Baxter, cur-
ry comb, &
whisk of
straw
[2]
Baxter must
arrangement*

[5]
Jeremy en-
kinson, car-
pet bag, box-
es, &c.—Job
Merrison.

Alice. (Courtseying.) No, Mr Caleb, no; I have given a promise already. *[Giving her hand to HARRY.]*

Caleb. With all deference to Mr Harry, I would just insinuate, that at present he is not in a condition to make one of a set; his embarrassments—

Har. (Indignantly interrupting.) My embarrassments! It was the pride of a son brought them on me; and with the honor of a man shall they be discharged.

Chrys. (Aside to JOB.) See that he pays if he do call for ale: she often lets him off his reckoning, I take it. So, master Hammerton, your bellows were going—your hammer were at work last Sunday. Ha! *[Sighing.]*

Har. They were; I was shoeing a poor fellow's horse, who, with tears in his eyes, told me he feared he should be too late to reach the bed of his father ere he died.

Alice. Bless thee for that, Harry!

Chrys. (Sneering.) Ah, you're so good; it's pity you're not rich.

Job. Thee beest a waspish toad; if I did n't know thee to be an honest one I could n't abide thee. *[Exit U.E.R.]*

Caleb. (Handing cards to the farmers who are going.) Going, Farmer, eh? Dame Raddle can read; allow me—happy to teach the little Raddles. I do n't mind their coming in nail'd boots. Good evening, good evening!

[Bows off the wondering rustics—HARRY brings CHRYS-TAL forward.]

Enter HEARTON U.E.R., with Sketch-book.

Heart. Ah, my pretty Alice, I have been taking a sketch of what you call your favorite prospect.

Alice. Oh, thank you, thank you! Look, Harry, look; there is a view of your cottage and your forge; and—

Har. I shall see you in the evening. He is then paying court to Alice as I've been told.

Heart. (Aside.) But if you will look on,—

Har. (Abruptly going.) Farewell, Alice; sir!

[Nods coldly and exit U.E.R.]

Caleb. Very bad bow; bent like a piece of hot iron under a sledge hammer. Not a very bright spark, I take it.

[Dances up.]

Heart. I have offended him.

Alice. (Nearly crying.) Oh, never mind;—there, I wont

look at his nasty black forge, nor his uncomfortable bachelor cottage. To look so and speak so—I won't see him in the evening, that I won't: he can't vex me;—just as I was going to show him—no matter; I—I—won't notice it, no, no.

[Sobbing.

Caleb. (*Bustling about her.*) What's the matter, divinest of bar maids?

“Let me catch a sacred drop
To treasure as a shrine.”

Unfold to me the—

Heart. (*Turning him round.*) Don't bother.

Caleb. Don't bother! don't bother!

[*Noise of wheels and whips heard behind, and JOE ushers in from behind the house—MR JEREMY JENKINSON, attired ludicrously for travelling, and loaded with carpet bag, boxes, bundles, &c. L.*

Jer. You're sure this is the principal inn, quite sure; because under present interesting circumstances, I wish to do things in style; you're quite sure, before I put down these bundles?

Caleb. (*Capering forward L.*) If you will allow me to offer a remark, sir; I am resident, where you see that handsome board, and can answer for this being the principal inn in Heathfield, it's the only one.

Jer. I dare say you're right then; you are very polite; the moment I divest myself of these travelling apparatus, I'll make free to thank you; (*ALICE crosses and takes it.*) take care of that box, that's got my new white beaver, bought for an interesting occasion, I would n't have it squeez'd for the world; I put my new white westcoat, and a bran new coat brush in it to keep it in shape, and I came down in the pochay with it on my knee, for fear of its being joggled.

Alice. You may depend, sir, on every thing being taken the greatest care of.

[*Exit with carpet bag into inn R.*

Jer. That I'm sure I may, Miss, if you look after them; (*The boxes are carried in.*) I should think they're not used to compliments down in these wild countries.

Caleb. I do all I can to humanise my neighbors; that's my house, my board, my card.

[*Giving one.*

Jer. But I'm surprised; this can't be your nativital place, you must have come from London.

Caleb. I have that honor.

Jer. (*Eagerly.*) I knew so, I rejoice to meet a friend; you

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Alice, Joe.

know Norton Folgate—ha! I see you do—embrace me—what a joy it is when one wanders to distant parts to meet a fellow countryman; I'm in an *interesting situation*; is there a rural retreat to let in this neighborhood—a flowery, bowery place: don't look at me in that manner, you seem to be reading my feelings; is there such a place, for me—and—and—

Caleb. And some one else.

Jer. (*Sentimentally.*) Yes, a somebody; the circumstances are *interesting*, the *white westcoat*, the *white hat*, you guess? yes, yes, it is true; I'm—I'm going to be married.

Caleb. Indeed! I congratulate you; you will remain among us, there will be several Jenkinsons—I may look forward to pupils from your respectable family.

Jer. (*Whispering mysteriously.*) To avoid suspicion, Miss Sigismunda Sacharissa Simpkins, and I, as it's a runaway match, agreed to come down in separate chaises; it was more delicate—she'd faint at the idea of being alone with me.

Caleb. A model of chastity; but where are you to sleep?

Jer. (*Staggered.*) La! I never thought of that; oh, oh we must have two rural retreats, till after the ceremony; do you know of any?

Caleb. There was a beautiful one down in the vale.

Jer. In a vale, yes!

Caleb. But it was let yesterday to one Captain Mordaunt; then there was a lovely place in the top of Kindlebush Hill.

Jer. Just the thing.

Caleb. But it was burnt down last week; but here comes Miss Alice; (*Crosses to R.*) perhaps she can assist us.

Jer. Not a word of my *interesting situation*; I should blush up to the eyes.

Enter ALICE and JOB from Inn R.

Job. Walk in, sir;—a neat parlor, good ale, or wine, sir.

Caleb. Hark ye, Mr Merriton;—my friend here is rather in a dilemma.

Jer. Yes—an *interesting situation*.

Caleb. He wants a house in the neighborhood; and till he can procure one—

Job. We can recommend him—

Caleb. But, aye, there's some one else.

Alice. Another gentleman?

Jer. (*Crosses to her.*) No, Miss, a lady in an *interesting situation*.

~~[]~~
Hark Ham-
meron.

Alice. Sir!

Jer. She wants a place to lie in.

Alice. (*Startled.*) Bless me!

Jer. (*Following her.*) And so do I,—till the event's over that.

Alice. (*Offended.*) Upon my word, sir, I—

Caleb. You mistake; it must be told;—my friend is about to be married—the lady will be here soon. Can you till after the ceremony accommodate both?

Job. To be sure we can.

Jer. Separate rooms, mind.

Job. Ecod, sir,—a wedding will set the village alive. We'll have a night of it.

Caleb. So we will; and when the bride arrives, we'll have a dance, eh? you like dancing, sir?

Jer. I meet my Sigismunda at a ball in the Old Bailey.

Caleb. Capital, sir; I'm as happy as if I was going to be married to Miss Alice. "Merrily dance, and merrily sing;" enter, partake the cheer, merrily dance, &c.

[*Sings and dances*—JEREMY takes his hand, and they dance formally into the house, followed by MERRITON R.

Alice. So there will be rejoicing and a wedding—what will Harry feel when he sees the happy pair going to church? they pass by his door. I fancy I see him thumping away with his hammer to drown the ringing of the bells, and all the while reckoning how much of his father's debts remain unpaid, and how long it will be before the bells ring for him and Alice, and he still keeps thumping and I peep in as we pass; he won't see me, but I know what is in his thoughts, and I'm not angry—thump, thump, still goes his hammer, till we reach the church—the bells cease, and Harry listens, and he looks at his iron and finds it has been a long time cold; he sees a little bunch of flowers I have stuck on his door, he puts them in his bosom and goes to work harder than ever, convinced that the bells *will* ring for him and Alice—and so they shall, Harry, so they shall if life be spared.

HARRY HAMMERTON enters U.E.R. in great agitation, and throws himself on a bench near inn R.

Alice. (*Alarmed.*) What's the matter? are you ill?

Har. All hope has left me; I must leave you, Alice.

Alice. Leave me!

Har. As I went home from fixing that board, I saw Catchem

~~[S]~~
Chrystal
Baxter.

5.

the bailiff grinning like a demon by the forge door—my heart felt like a lump of ice, yet I could n't think of any body cruel enough to crush me more, for I had only that morning call'd Davy Demure the Methodist grocer, to beg him to give me a month for the money my poor old father owed him, and he promised me three; I went boldly up, and with one of his infernal scrapes of the leg, the Bailiff handed me this—a writ, Alice, from the man who had so kindly promised me three months' grace, where I asked for one—who had commiserated my situation—told me I was a good son—said that Heaven would reward me, and yet was all the while preparing an instrument of hell to drag me to destruction!

Alice. Be calm, Harry.

Har. *I am calm!* the law of the land empowers the tyrant, and I bow to the law; it was framed by those who have placed themselves beyond its powers;—let their own hearts tell them of its justice: It's well to talk of a prison in the green fields; it's well to talk of its high walls and iron bars under the shelter of a title! but, to him, who is robb'd of the power of earning what would free him,—who is stripped of the little he *has* earned, and is thrust hopeless into a dungeon, it is despair, Alice! it is madness!

Alice. But is there nothing can be done?

Har. Nothing; in eight days I have to answer this; they will go on heaping trouble upon trouble till it is over; I must fly, and somewhere else earn independence—you will not let me go without your promise to remain true to me, and my Alice's word I know to be as sacred as an oath!

Alice. If it must be so, Harry,—you shall have my promise: you have honestly toiled night and day to perform an act of duty, which the cruelty of man prevents; for I have watched you, love, from my window at night, and seen the smoke of your forge curling up in the clear moonlight, and the stroke of your hammer has so sounded like music to my ears, for I knew the man I lov'd was worthy:—go; I know you will perform your duty, so will I mine, I promise you; maid, or wife, Alice Gray is yours till death. [*Throws herself into his arms.*]

CHRYSTAL enters behind from inn R.—starts on observing them.

Chrys. Very pretty doings, for young women to be hugging men in that fashion.

Alice. (*Receding blushingly.*) There is no harm, Chrystal—

~~Calb / Kit—
Lighs—Job
Merrison—
Jerem—Si-
gismunda.~~

6.

Harry is my betrothed husband, and he is going from me, for, perhaps, a long time.

Chrys. Going!—um—every body wont be so sorry as you seem.

Har. Spiteful fool!—silence!

Chrys. Why? when I've come with a message. Mr Mer-
riton ~~do you want me?~~ *wants you*

Alice. I come, and you shall return this evening to me, Harry: you will want money—I will procure you some from my uncle; come, cheer up, I feel a presentiment, all will be well yet.

Har. Can your uncle aid me, Alice?

Alice. Easily; this inn will be his entirely to-morrow; he has now the money by him to pay for it, and more; he will not refuse me. Come, Harry, dear Harry, all shall yet end happily.

[*Embraces—they exit, ALICE into inn R.—HARRY U.E.R.*

Chris. So he pays for the inn to-morrow—he keeps his money in his room—the house will be full to-night—this fool from London and his mate, ha, ha, ha, there will be scraping and dancing; other people will be scraping at the same time: let me see, old aunt Margaret be ill, a good excuse; then if I be going out at the bay loft and along the top of the house; why, ha, ha! yes, all will be mine! mine!

[*Exit L.*

SCENE II.—*Apartment in the Inn. Practicable window in Flat.*

CALEB *without and entering, 1 E.P.S.*

Mind, madam, there's a little step at the door;—that chassee across the landing place was grace itself. This way, this way.

CALEB *enters with lights preceding JEREMY, handing SIGISMUNDA, who is dressed in the extreme of vulgar fashion—~~Jen~~ MERRITON follows* CALEB, *capers up and hands a chair, which with affected ceremony she accepts.*

Sig. I'm alarmingly excited by the indelicate situation in which you've placed me, Mr Jenkinson. I'm fit to faint.

Jer. I'm a little upon the goish myself; the novelty of the responsible charge I'm undertaking—do n't faint, my angel; for I feel such an up-and-downishness here, I'm sure I should follow your example.

Caleb. Do n't be alarmed, madam; we are all here friends,

[*Exit*]
Cousins.

anxious to show the susceptibility of our participation in your delicious delirium of quickly approaching happiness.

Sig. Then every body knows of—oh, Mr Jeremy!

Jer. Yes, I've revealed all.

Sig. Have you got the natural retreat yet, sir?

Jer. Not yet, love; the one I intended was burnt down last week.

Sig. Then where am I to sleep?

Jer. Here, my adored.

Sig. And where are you to sleep?

Jer. Here, my angelic.

Sig. (*Screams.*) Oh, I'll go back: where's the stage? what will they say in the Old Bailey, where character is every thing? I'm galvanised, as Doctor Calomel says.

Job. Oh, we can easily manage that, Miss; thee canst sleep in the same room with my niece Alice. (*Calling off.*) Alice!

Sig. Well, let it be so. Did you bring down the Tiger you promised, Mr Jenkinson?

Jer. No, love; time enough to get the boy after our marriage; but I've brought down his livery.

Sig. Ah, you've done nothing. (*To CALEB.*) I'm most happy to find a professor of the elegant art here, sir; one so graceful as yourself too—really a fine man. [*Aside.*]

Caleb. (*Bowing elaborately.*) Shall we adjourn to the dancing room?

Sig. Lor bless me, I must take off these travelling debilities;—your niece will shew me to your room. Mr Jenkinson, I hope you'll brush up a little.

Caleb. I shall be most happy to give my friend the polish ha, ha, ha!

Sig. Ha, ha! Capital! (*Courtseys to CALEB.*) a very nice man indeed. [*Exit 1.*]

Caleb. Come, my Orestes.

[*Crosses to L.*]

Jer. Eh? no, I restes here. (*Sitting down.*) I want to collect myself. Go, landlord; go, my friend, and see that all the vittles is ready.

Caleb. I will, and run home for my fiddle; We'll have a night of it; perhaps I may pick up a pupil or two—hem! (*Aside.*) Come, Merriton. [*Exit, followed by JOB, P.S.*]

Jer. Going to be married, hum! run away with an heiress; Mrs Jones, when she comes to my shop in Norton Folgate tomorrow morning for her breakfast butter, she'll say to Tom,

THE SUSPECTED ONE.

my man, where's Mr Jeremy?—Gone to be married,—she'll drop down and smash the pretty plate she always brings for the quartern of Fresh; she had a design on me—how she fixed her eyes on me—she was a nice woman too, only I know she could'nt be worth much, in spite of all her hints, or else she'd have more than a quartern of fresh—it is n't hot weather all the year round: I hope that Tom wont rob the till while I'm gone; though he is [cousin, relations aint always honest; there was brother Peter, I wont think of him; I told Tom to write down, if Mrs Jones was ill; ha, ha, ha! with her two ounces of Cheshire, and her quartern of fresh—pooh!

[The window at back 2 P. S. is put up, and CADGER COLLINS, wretchedly ragged and blackguard in appearance, with the remains of a black eye, &c., gets through.]

Cad. Yes, it's the filial von; I know'd him the moment I popp'd my learys on him, in spite of the outside crest being finer and better: (Comes forward L.) All's right! (Touches JEREMY on the shoulder.) how is your noble self, my rum vun?

Jer. (Starts into the corner.) Hollo! who are you?

Cad. Come, stash your gammon! you knows vell enough; look on this ere physog, I suppose you never seed that afore.

Jer. Never; go away you nasty fellow, I'll call for help; who are you?

Cad. Why, I vas a thief, then a convict, then a condemned convict, kos I rewolted; here's the marks of the hiron on my harms, then I was a escaped convict, then I was a cadger, then I was a sheepstealer, and now I'm convicted again as your brother Peter.

Jer. Peter returned?

Cad. To be sure; I've had twelve years on it; but do n't think I'd got sich a little feeling as to stay all my life in that ere Wan Demon's Land, away from my twin brother; no, natur triumph'd, and I've kim home to your harms.

[Goes to embrace JEREMY, who keeps him off with the chain.]

Jer. Keep off, keep off!

Cad. Why, what's this ere, a brother rewolting agin natur? this urts my feelings; what, you're ashamed of these ere rags? vell give us a kivering; a new pair of kicksies would feel comfortable, and the coat aint very fashionable.

[Turning round.]

Jer. What a wretch! if Sigismunda was to come— (Aside.) go away.

[1]
Peasants
Male & Female—Caleb
Kit, fiddle—
Alice, small
bag of money
& one sock
—Job—Har-
rison.

8.

[22]
Job—twice

Cad. Never no more, dear brother.

Jer. Oh my agonies ! if any body comes—how did you find me ?

Cad. You see, I help'd Sam Stickem to bone a sheep last night from one farmer Groves. Well, it was darkee sure enough, but some how they contrived to grab Sam, but I scuttled under the thatch of a hay rick, hopposite this ere ouse. I vas wery ungary laying there all day and no grub ; all at once I hears wheels :—I looks out, and you can judge what I felt when I seed my twin brother Jeremy git out of a pochay. All's right, says I—natural affection will triumph. I will throw myself on his buzzom, and here I is.

[*Goes to JEREMY, who runs away.*

Jer. What's to be done?—if you'll go, I'll give you ten pounds, twenty, thirty—what do you want ?

[*To CADER, who shakes his head at every offer.*

Cad. To live in natural affection with you hall my life.

Jer. Curse your natural affection ! wait till I come back.

[*Crosses to m.*

Cad. (*Catching hold of his coat.*) Not a bit of it. We'll never part no more, dear brother.

Jer. Oh lord,—Oh lord ! I shall go mad.—I 'm ruin'd—I 'm ha !—I have it—the tiger's livery, if it will but fit. Wait, and I 'll bring you a suit of clothes. [*Going.*

Cad. (*Stopping him.*) I 'll go with you and try 'em on : I 'm von of two twins—ve vere born together—ve vill die together, dear brother.

Jer. Oh dear ! oh,—hush ! come to my rooin—do not make a noise.

Cad. Pooh ! do you think I 've been a Ken Cracker so long not to know how to cut it stilly ?

Jer. ~~Not~~ Oh my agonies !—ah dear !— [*They creep off L.*

SCENE III.—*A large room in the Cornflower Inn—a staircase R.—another L., supposed to lead to the sleeping rooms above—a large party of Farmers and their lasses assembled—CALEB KIT with his fiddle—ALICE and JOB closing the window shutters at the back—a practicable door in flat P.S.*

Alice. Uncle, there's Chrystal crossing the road, shall I call him to assist us ?

Job. Thee beest mistaken, lass ; Chrystal, the waspish toad,

[13]
Sigsmandia
—Jeremy—
Collins,
white apron
—Job with
glasse, wine
&c.—Alice—
Servant tray
of sandwich-
es.

ha been gone to his old dying aunt long ago ; he cried to me till I could n't refuse his going to her death bed.

Alice. (*Coming forward.*) I could have sworn it was him.

Caleb. There 's the star of the night : where 's the bride elect ? I must brush up my heels a bit, à la Vestris.

[*Runs prelude on the fiddle—entrechats, pironettes, &c. &c. when he is done—the rustics applaud, “ Capital ! beautiful !”—he bows round and capers up—HARRY enters D. in F.P.S.—ALICE hastens to him.*

Alice. Harry, dear, he has refused me ; but I have collected my savings for you ; I intended the money to be my wedding gift to my dear Harry, my little portion ! but take it, it will fit you out for the foreign lands you are about to visit.

Har. I cannot take it, my own Alice !

Alice. Cannot ! you must ! and see if you will obey me ; I will give you *this*, it was my poor mother's gift, she always wore this little locket, and since her death it has constantly been round *my* neck ; you shall have it as a memorial of *me* ; (*He is eager to secure it—she draws back.*) but you must take the money first—there—there ; (*Forces it on him.*) now I give you *this*, 't will keep me in your thoughts, and when you come back, if you find me untrue to you, shew it me, and the voice of my mother from the grave will seem to curse my falsehood.

[*Kisses it—is about to give it, when JOB, who has been watching, snatches it.*

Job. You shan't have this ; it were my sister's ; I'll lock it up with my money, since she do n't know how to keep her poor dear mother's gift—come not near—I'll lock it up ; I'll tell'ee with my money.

[*Rushes up staircase R.*

Har. Miserable wretch that I am !

Alice. Heed him not, Harry, heed him not ! (*Throws herself on his bosom.*) Go now, dear Harry, and wait for me at the Three Elms ; ha ! (*With sudden thought.*) Mr Hearton has done my picture, I will get it for you, and bring it to you at the Elms ; indeed, indeed, I will ; but stay not now, for my sake, my sake, Harry !

[*Exit, dragging him off—SIGISMUNDA appears on the stairs L—CALEB hastens to hand her down—she enters in a vulgarly fine ball suit—CALEB hands her round, introducing her—JOB re-enters and looks round.*

~~[14] Hearton and everybody to end Act.~~

Caleb. Farmer Groves, Miss Sigismunda Sacharissa Simpkins; Miss S. S. S., Farmer G., Squire Bagini, Miss Um, &c.

[After the introduction, they bow and courtesies ludicrously, then CALEB capers up, handing his cards among the company.]

Sig. Where's Mr Jeremy? he's very unpolite to leave me to enter a ball room alone; he'd a been scouted in the Old Bailey, there they understand refinements; where is he? oh, here he comes!

JEREMY enters L. stairs, followed closely by CADGER COLLINS ludicrously dress'd in the tight jacket of the bay tiger, much too small and too short for him, a white neckerchief, showing off his unshaven chin, black eye, and uncomb'd hair, he has one of JEREMY's waistcoats on, and a long white apron, which conceals the front of his wretched trowsers, leaving when he turns their rags behind conspicuous—JEREMY is in the greatest trepidation.

Jer. Do wait for me in the other room.

Cad. No; never no more, dear brother.

Sig. Why, where have you been, Mr Jenkinson? and ha! what object have you got there?

Jer. Here! why, I—I—

Caleb. A positive curiosity! from whence did you export the animal, eh, my friend?

Cad. Why, you see, my smart von, I exported myself from Wan Demon's land, after having been trans— (*JEREMY pulls him.*) Mum, dear brother.

Sig. But who is it?

Caleb. What is it?

Jer. Why, you see, my dear Sigismunda,—you know my tender heart—I—that is—this is a schoolfellow of mine; he's lost a deal of money by the breaking into of a bank—was very respectable, I assure you—is in distress—when I saw him, my heart melted, and so I engaged him as our tiger. He'll look very well when he gets in flesh, and his mark wears out—the livery's a leetle too little.

Cad. The kicksies would n't go on at all; so you see—

[Lifts his apron shewing his rags—SIGISMUNDA screams and falls into CALEB's arms, pretending to faint—the rustics laugh—JEREMY anxiously pulls down the apron.]

Jer. Oh dear, I'm ruin'd! I'm undone!

Enter JOB, ALICE, and Servant, with trays of sandwiches, which they hand round. *R. L. S.*

Cad. Oh, here's the grub; I am so hungry.

Jer. For heaven's sake, be careful; consider my unsullied reputation.

Cad. Consider natur, dear brother.

Jer. Well, do n't follow me so close; I want to speak to my intended.

[During this, the sandwiches are handed round, with wine, &c.—CADGER seizes on the plateful,—sits down and eats voraciously—CALEB is busied arranging partners for a dance—JEREMY is explaining to SIGISMUNDA, who points with disgust to CADGER—HEARTON enters—ALICE goes to him.]

Heart. Here is the picture, Alice; bid him be of good cheer: say that till he returns, I will guard you like a brother.

Alice. Thank you, Mr Hearton—thank you.

Caleb. Come, Mr J. J. and Miss S. S. S. places; Squire Bagini and Miss Squat; Miss Alice and I; now Farmer Groves.

[At the sound of the name, CADGER drops the plate—JEREMY hurries over.]

Jer. What are you about?

Cad. The man's kim after his sheep.

Jer. Hush! come, never mind his awkwardness—a dance, a dance; I shall faint. *[Aside.]*

[They take their places—CALEB directs—plays the air, &c.—a country dance takes place, during which, CADGER watches JEREMY closely, and as he alters his situation in the dance, sticks to his side to his utter confusion—at length CADGER dances with them—the dance being over, the company prepare to depart.] *Act.*

Sig. If you do n't get rid of that nasty ugly fellow, Mr Jeremy—

Jer. Do n't be alarmed, my adorable; I'll send him about his business in a day or two.

Caleb. Good night, Farmer Groves: Miss Squat, you have my card—over the way—the brass plate and large gold board—good night—good night—we shall all meet again at the wedding—good night.

[They all courtesies and bow to SIGISMUNDA, &c.—CADGER

avoids FARMER GROVES—they depart—ALICE *lighting* them.

Sig. What a horrid set ! did you ever see such dancing ?

Alice. Harry will be tired of waiting at the Elms. [*Aside.*

Sig. Now, child, show me to our room. Jeremy, we'll hunt for a cottage in the morning. Mr Caleb, I may perhaps have the honor of your company.—Good night, sir—Jeremy, adieu—come child—

Job. Alice,—thee can'st go to bed at once, I'll fasten all the doors—

[*They take leave for the night, and ALICE lights SIGISMUNDA to their chamber ; CALEB exit, kissing his hand to her—HEARTON retires as if to bed.*

Job. Now, sir, this fellow of your's can sleep in Chrystal's bed ; as he be not come back, why he may put up with the barn, so I'll fasten the door. [*Bolts door.*

Cad. (*Aside to JEREMY.*) I shant leave you.

Jer. You must.

Cad. I shant, as I ant slept in a bed some time, I may snooze sound, and you may bolt afore cock crow.

Jer. He's so attached he wont leave me.

Job. Well, thee know'st my room.

Jer. (*Taking candle.*) Oh yes, come.

[*Expresses all signs of disgust and exit stairs U.E.I.*

Job. So now all's fast for the night, I'll go up stairs and add the profits of the day to my store : to-morrow this house will be mine, that's good—ten years of labor has done that—I have 400 pounds to pay—well it's all there ; aye, and nearly fifty to the good —ha, ha,—industry early and late, ha, ha, ha !

[*Goes up R. staircase to his room—ALICE is seen watching on L. staircase—as he disappears, she descends and unbolts the door R.M.B.*

Alice. Now for the Three Elms, and my dear Harry.

[*Exit D. in F.—the moment she has gone, JOB is heard to cry out above.*

Job. Thieves ! murder ! robbery ! thieves ! thieves ! (*Rushes down in the greatest agony.*) help ! I am robbed ! every thing stolen ! I'm ruin'd ! murder ! thieves ! thieves !

[*MUSIC.—Rings a bell violent, calling all the while—great confusion ensues, the characters rush in, ludicrously clad in their night-clothes—JEREMY brings in SIGIS-*

MUNDA wrapped in a sheet—CALEB half undress'd,
with an umbrella up, and a candle—CADGER in one
corner in a blanket.

All the voices cry out. What's the matter? where's the fire?

~~Mr.~~ I am robb'd, ruined! where's Alice, Alice, Alice?

Sig. She has not been to bed. I shall expire with the in-
delicacy.

Job. What do this mean?

ALICE enters by the door in flat.

Where hast thee been, girl?

Cad. Been! she has been fencing the swag. I'm fly—

Job. What! has she robbed me? me, her uncle, her protector,
her father,—

Alice. Oh no, no, dear uncle.

Job. Touch me not! rob me? all is gone—my hard earnings
gone.

Alice. I am innocent.

Job. Robb'd of what would have made the Inn mine—and
by you—snake—serpent!

Alice. No; I rob! O never, never!

Job. Why were you out?

Alice. (Confused.) Out! I—I—

Job. Guilty, guilty! wretch, wretch!

Alice. Oh no, no, no!

Omnes. Shame, shame!

[She stands the picture of dismay, the others in ludicrous
amazement—the Act Drop descends on the Tableau.

END OF ACT I.

(R.) *W. Mait*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wretched Apartment, very dilapidated, yet very
clean—the furniture very mean—a stump bed, L. top.

ALICE discovered working at her needle—she is very meanly but
neatly dress'd.

Alice. It must be near two, and Mrs Padit the post woman
is as true as the clock itself; I'm in such a fluster, as the time

[1.]
Alice (needle
work, Chrys-
tal Baxter.

comes round each day, that every one of my fingers are as sore as possible—I've prick'd them so often; three years gone, Harry, and not one letter—'t is too bad—I will not believe he has forgotten me—no, no! ah! there's two—through the thin wall I can hear Sparable the cobbler's little dutch clock striking—she'll not be long now. (*Rises, and puts down her work.*) Oh! if there should be a letter at last, it will pay me for all my misery and tears. (*Goes to window.*) There she comes stumping up the street—she stops to look at her packet—oh! she's looking across here—she takes a letter out—I'm sure she's looking at this house, I can scarcely breathe, here she comes—yes, yes! there *is* one at last—no, no! she has pass'd—oh! this is worse than all. (*Bursts into tears, and throws herself into her chair.*) What a fool am I! every day am I disappointed; yet every day do I expect and hope, and cry till my heart seems breaking; I'll not do so again—no! I'll forget him, I'll not care for his letters. (*A knock heard at the door, she starts up from her chair.*) Hark! she has made a mistake—she has pass'd the door—she brings me a letter. (*Knock again.*) Yes! (*In an ecstasy of joy.*) I'm coming—one moment—I'm coming.

[*Rushes up, opens the door, and staggers back, on seeing*

CHRYSTAL BAXTER—who enters—he is better dressed, though still characteristic of the stable. ~~TH~~

Chrys. How do you do, Alice Gray? I've been selling a horse to our preacher, and as I had to pass your house, I thought for old acquaintance sake I'd look in.

Alice. Did you bring me any message from my uncle?

Chrys. (*Taking up her work, which he had pushed off the chair to sit down.*) You get your bread *this* way, now your uncle has discarded you?

Alice. Yes!

Chrys. That was a bad business; are these Jenkinsons wise enough to send their money to a bank, or do they keep it in the house?

Alice. I am sure I know not; why do you ask?

Chris. I thought *you* might know; you were suspected of knowing how your uncle's went; he was foolish enough to keep it by him.

Alice. If you came here only to insult me—

Chrys. Pooh, pooh, girl! how can I insult you—every body knows you were *tried* for it.

Alice. (*Shrinks.*) And who persuaded my uncle to stain my

~~Heaton—
Ellen.~~

hitherto spotless name with such suspicion? you; your insinuations about poor Harry Hammerton, *your* foul lies about my clandestine meetings with him.

Chrys. Do n't be in a passion; what did I say? I told that as I was returning from the sick bed of poor Aunt Margaret, now a blessed saint—I met Hammerton in great distress of mind; he told me he was forced to fly the country, I left him and when I came home, every thing was in confusion; your uncle had been robbed, and you had been detected in leaving the house secretly—the thing speaks for itself.

Alice. Dare to insult me again with such a phrase, and you shall repent it. I endured the shame of a trial, I experienced the triumph of an acquittal—conscious of my own innocence, I await with patience Heaven's own time for making it manifest; but that time will come—my uncle will yet ask my forgiveness for his cruel suspicions, and I shall see the still more cruel guilty one humbled at my feet.

Chrys. (Rising.) Come, come, girl; I didn't come here to quarrel with you: I've something to say—you see, everybody shuns you.

Alice. Oh, yes! innocent or guilty, 't is enough to be suspected.

Chrys. It is: I thank Heaven I was gone to poor Aunt Margaret's death-bed; it was a joyful visit for me, or even my character might not have saved me. But, listen; there is a way to return to society; you may again be received—the suspicions removed or made of no weight.

Alice. (Eagerly.) How, how?

Chrys. Marry me.

Alice. (Shuddering.) You!

Chrys. Yes; I'm a man of character—a thriving man—a constant attender of meeting: they'll think I was convinced of your honesty, or—

Alice. Begone, sir!

Chrys. Come, come—do n't trifle with me; even a lamb may be roused. There are ways of ridding a place of suspected persons—the hulks and the colonies are good schools of repentance.

Alice. (Shuddering.) He terrifies me.

[*Aside.*

Chrys. (Seizing her arm.) So, do you hear, girl? I shall make a good husband—it's my nature to be kind. If you refuse, you shall never cross your threshold without danger—you

shall not look, speak, think, but it shall weave a mesh around you: do you hear? you may look on me as your fate.

Alice. (*Shrinking.*) I defy you: I will expose what you have said.

Chrys. And who will believe the word of one who has been tried for felony? ha, ha!

Alice. True, true; Heaven assist me!

[*She sinks upon her knees—he stands over her exulting—the door opens, and HEARTON and ELLEN MORDAUNT enter—ELLEN hastens to raise ALICE.*]

Ellen. Alice, Alice! what has happened?

Heart. Mr Baxter, what is the meaning of this?

Chrys. (*In a sanctified tone.*) Alice and I have been talking over the events of three years ago; she seems to feel keenly remorse and sorrow, at the mention of that time.

Alice. Oh, misery!

Chrys. I have made a weak endeavor to recall her to the path of truth.

Heart. Silence, sir; she has never departed from it.

Chrys. You have your reasons for thinking so. A pretty girl, be she ever so debased, will not want advocates among the young and thoughtless of the other sex.

Heart. Mr Baxter, I will not suffer this language in reference to Miss Alice.

Chrys. Miss Alice!—ha, ha, ha! (*Goes up to door.*) Miss Alice will remember my words, and, I am sure, profit by their meaning; I am now going to her uncle, she will understand—the poor old man has never recovered the robbery—but heaven always assists the weak. I profit by its care. Miss Alice, (*Bows sneeringly.*) good afternoon. (*Exit D in F.*)

Alice. No, no; he says truly, nothing can be an insult to one who has been tried for felony: to struggle or to hope is useless. 'Tis not useless: those who encounter not dangers may well boast of passing peacefully through life's path; but if we undergo the ordeal and escape unscathed, how resplendent is the brightness shame's trial gives to innocence! When Harry departed, he consigned you to my protection; he has been three years absent, and I know his love for you was such, that were he alive—

Alice. Oh, Mr Hearton!

Heart. Were he alive, you would at least have heard from him. Alice, possessed of no title to the right, my means are

~~Chrysal
Baxter
Job Mervin~~

~~[2]~~

3.

feeble to protect you, give me one ; let me proclaim you as my affianced wife ; and name your own time for giving me your hand—(ALICE recoils.) It is enough. May the dispenser of all good send *him* to your faithful heart. I—you will excuse me Miss Mordaunt. I—farewell, farewell. [*Exit in agitation.*]

[ELLEN from the moment he mentions his love has sunk into the chair motionless.

Alice. Noble-hearted friend ! Oh, my benefactress, think of my—but you are pale, Miss Mordaunt ; you are ill—your hands are icy cold,—speak to me—you love him—he will be yours—yet you alone deserve him, living or dead, Harry Hammerton shall be my only bridegroom. (*Seriously at a time, then changing her manner.*) Hark, there's three o'clock striking in the next cottage ; I promised Mrs Jenkinson to be with her and bring this work at half-past ; Come, cheerly, Miss Ellen ; if you will honor one so degraded as I am by accompanying me.

Ellen. You are a good girl, Alice.

Alice. I hope to see you a happy one ;—Oh, when I meet Mr Hearton wont I joke him for being so silly as not to see that.

Ellen. No, for heaven's sake, no.

Alice. I will, I will, I protest I will ; (*Striving at cheerfulness.*) but come, dear Miss Ellen, come this way ; by crossing my little garden and the old wooden bridge we avoid the High Street ; I always do that ; I fancy every finger pointed at me as one who has been tried for robbery. (*Bursts into tears.*) I—I—yes I will so joke Mr Hearton—I will ; the silly, blind, foolish fellow, ha, ha ! Oh my heart—only a spasm, only—I'll shame him, I will ; Come, come !

[*Making a violent effort to suppress her sobs and striving to laugh while she leads ELLEN off L. ; the door at back is opened and CHRYSTAL BAXTER looks in, then beckons.*]

Chrys. I tell you, no ! she's not here ; and I wont answer thee, till thou'rt come in.

[*Drags in JOB MERRITON, he is thin, pale, nervous, and querulous, he looks quickly round.*]

Job. I wont see her ; I tell e' I hate—hate—

Chrys. Well, well, I am sorry to say I aint got so much money ; I wish she were here. [*Aside.*]

Job. Cant thee, then ? cant thee ? I—I—it's all made up, but that sum ; it will put me straight in the world ; thee hast been

[4]
Alice Collins, square box, clasp knife.

4.

very kind, but—but, *thee* art a thriving man, Heaven conspires against me.

Chrys. (*With affected sanctity.*) Hush, hush! a good name be every thing; I can't help calling you master, you were a kind master once to me, and if ever the Inn should be mine—

Job. (*Shaken.*) Oh, Chyrstal! Chyrstal!

Chrys. Well I was only saying, if ever it be—for there's no knowing the ways of fate; you'll find me as humble as ever, when you be my ostler, as I were yours.

Job. (*With lingering affection, gazing round.*) How did she look?

Chrys. Oh, same as ever! perhaps a little bit paler; well, how people can be robbers, and—

Job. (*Glancing tremblingly about.*) Hush, hush!

Chrys. Pooh! there's not a doubt of it; did n't the fellow she robbed you for, abscond? has he ever written even to *her* since? not a bit; he taught her to steal, and then left her to take the reward of the crime.

Job. Dont talk of her; I'm thinking of to-morrow, of the money I've got to pay, I'm all of a tremble—Chyrstal, I wish I were dead.

Chrys. Don't, that's sinful; so you only want sixty pounds to make up the four hundred for the Inn; are you going again to put it in the place where you had it when you were robbed?

Job. Oh, no, no! I keep it in a strong chest under my bed; no! I was afraid to trust it there again.

Chrys. Under the bed; um! (*Aside.*) Well, I must be going, it's near the time of the mail passing through for London, I must look to the horses; under the bed—ha, ha!

Job. Come, only twenty pound more—ha, ha! twenty and twenty—ha! how to get it? come, come, how to get it? ha!

[*Exeunt D. in F.*]

SCENE II.—*A Parlor in the House of Mr Jeremy—furnished in a style of vulgar finery—a highly ornamented harp stands conspicuous—bows and arrows scattered about—a cheval glass L.—before which, MR CALEB KIT stands in an affected attitude, with a bow, &c.—MRS JENKINSON, late Miss Sigismunda, is lolling on a sofa, with a book in her hand.*

Mrs J. (*Applauding.*) Very elegant, very, very!

Caleb. (*Figuring away.*) That's something like something?

Mrs J. Admirable, I do declare ; very like Apollo at the Belvidere Tea Gardens.

Caleb. (*Attitudinizing.*) It's a graceful recreation, and shows off the figure—hem !

Mrs J. Especially when gentlemen happen to be blessed with statues, like Mr Caleb Kit's.

Caleb. (*Bowing elaborately.*) Madam J., gratitude is dumb, choked by it's own bigness.

Mrs J. (*Admiringly.*) Eloquent, irresistible.

Caleb. Not so bad, was it ? I should like to see Mr J. doing a little toxophical.

Mrs J. (*Affecting to suppress laughter.*) Dont, you'll kill me with the preposterous idea ; ha, ha, ha ! the unlicked city cub ! faught !

Caleb. (*Cautiously.*) Hush ! should you be heard. (*Brings a chair near the sofa, and taking out his white pocket handkerchief arranges it and himself in attitude, frequently referring to the glass as he speaks.*) As I was saying, Hush ! it might pain the little man, who is *really* a *very good* weigher of sugars and teas, and not so very very awkward with the yard measure ; to be sure there is a difference between the measure and the bow, as there is between the persons of some persons, and *some* persons—yet he is useful, dearest Sigismunda Sacharissa.

Mrs J. (*Starting and fluttering.*) Oh gracious, Mr Kit !

Caleb. I crave your pardon, my feelings o'erpower'd me ; my feelings of pure friendship for—I—I crave your pardon Mrs J.—honor'd Mrs J.

Mrs J. Dear Mr Kit—I—oh dear me !—I am forgetting—I—turn your eyes away and give me my lesson, for if my Jeremy should foolishly suspect—

Caleb. (*putting his arm round her.*) Suspect ! the silly man, Sigismunda, ha !

Mrs J. (*In great fright.*) Here he comes.

Caleb. (*Suddenly withdrawing his arm.*) Take the fourth position with the toe well pointed ; with the toe. (*Looking round, then putting his hand on his heart and staggering to a chair.*) Oh dear, you have brought my too sensitive heart into my mouth.

Mrs J. Dont be afraid of him, for between you and I, I suspect he's a coward.

Jer. (*Bouncing in with apron on.*) Coward ! who's a coward, Mrs J ?

Mrs J. (*Confused.*) Who, my dear ? why—why—Mr—Mr

—what's his name—who had the howdaciousness to set up against you for churchwarden.

Jer. Ah, no matter; I'm elected; yes, Mrs J., you are now Mrs Churchwardeness Jenkinson; merit will rise.

Caleb. (*Affectedly embracing him.*) It will, it will; I congratulate your elevation, and I trust you will now execute a favorite plan of mine, have the Charity Children taught dancing; if the girls go out as servants with what grace will they handle the mop, or stoop to the scrubbing brush.

Mrs J. And I hope you'll make Cageum the beadle wait at table when we give parties, and walk behind us to church on a Sunday.

Jer. Don't trouble me about such trifles; I feel all over queerish and trembling at the importance of my duties. It's really something to be one of the potentates of society.

[*Strutting to the glass.*]

Mrs J. Take your apron off. How often have I requested you not to enter my presence with that vulgar appendage!

Jer. Vulgar! Bishops wears aprons; why should n't Churchwardens, eh, Kit, eh?

Caleb. Certainly! though, for my part, I never see one without remembering that friend of yours, who, comet-like, appeared and disappeared on the night of your arrival in these parts. You remember him, dear Mrs J. in the Tiger's jacket and the um—eh?

Mrs J. Oh, the monster!

Caleb. You remember him, do n't you, my Pythias?

[*Slapping his shoulder—*JEREMY, *from the moment* KIT *mentions Cadger Collins, stands in affright.*]

Jer. (*Starting.*) Remember! O yes—remember! to be sure; with the ragged—eh? O yes, I shall never forget him. [*Aside.*]

Caleb. Do you know I have often suspected he knew something of the robbery of poor old Merriton.

Mrs J. Yes, and he vanish'd on that very night; I was so glad.

Jer. (*Aside.*) So was I.

Mrs J. However, if he comes here again, Mr Churchwarden Jenkinson will have him taken up—wont you, dear?

Caleb. I recollect you said he was an officer in the army, ha, ha!—queer army, eh? ha, ha! I must be off—this is collecting day with me.

Mrs J. Collecting day, Mr Kit?

Caleb. Yes, madam. In order to be agreeable to all, I distribute my knowledge of the graces, and receive payment in commodity from many. Chuck the Butcher pays in steaks—legs of mutton for legs instructed; Brick the Baker sends me rolls for reels, and quartern loaves for a quarter's waltzing. Ha, ha! you see I have the honor to teach fat Mrs Dip, and have just been home with a gig load of short sixes.

Jer. Ha, ha! capital! could n't you take out Siggy's teaching in treacle? I've a large stock on hand, eh? ha, ha!

Caleb. Ha, ha! farewell, Mr Churchwarden; dearest Madam, good bye; three months more and Mrs J. will be added by the poets to the number of graces. Adieu! farewell! heigho, good bye.

[*Trips off with an aside expression to Mrs J.—*JEREMY draws a chair and in deep thought sits down—MRS J. does the same, heaving a tremendous sigh.

Jer. What are you sighing for, Siggy? you break up my great calculations.

Mrs J. Break up your nonsense! And again I tell you I won't be call'd Siggy.

Jer. What matters it? your old father, the ham and beef shop in the Old Bailey,—

Mrs J. Ho! (*Screams.*) how often have I bid you in speaking of my parental posterity to call him the provision vender!

Jer. Pooh, pooh! I always observe that you quarrel with every thing I say and do, when that dancing fellow has been here.

Mrs J. (*Turning her chair sharply.*) Mr Kit is a gentleman, sir.

Jer. (*Doing the same face to fate.*) And what am I, ma'am?—mine 's the most wealthiest and most sharpest shop in the town: and what 's Mr Kit?—his gentility is summat like your harp.

Mrs J. How, sir? how?

Jer. Why, it 's a sort of ornament which he cant play upon.

Mrs J. (*In passion.*) Sir, sir! you know I play!—you know I do.

Jer. You says you do; but I never heard you.

Mrs J. Because, sir, the diffidence of my nature, even to you,—to my husband, wont let me.

Jer. Your diffidence do n't prevent your playing on your ongue, Mrs J.; but I do n't believe—

~~Alfred~~ bur-
dell

6.

Mrs J. Believe what, sir?

Jer. Well I do n't.

Mrs J. Do n't believe what, sir?

Jer. Since you will have it, I do n't believe you can play at all.

Mrs J. (*Starting up and walking to and fro.*) Oh, this is too much. Cant play! I that had three quarters under a composer, the composer of the beautiful air, about wearing a green willow tied round a hat: cant play! I—I'll shame you; sink you through the ground, sir—I'll play, sir—now, sir—now.

[*Going to the harp.*]

Jer. Well, do now, there 's a dearest Siggy, and I'll buy you a new yellow satin dress for the Churchwarden's dinner, I will.

Mrs J. No sir, I disdain; I'll not play; you'll think you bribed me: no, sir, no.

[*Sits down in passion.*]

Jer. You'll do nothing to please me, so I'll cut you off in your dancing.

Mrs J. You dare!

Jer. I do n't like that Kit being always here.

Mrs J. Nor I, sir, do n't like that Mrs Jones over the way; what's more, I do n't believe your story about her making love to you in Norton Folgate; that boy, since I must say it, has just your look and way; and she's opened that Undertaker's shop in hopes of burying me.

[*Sits down and sobs.*]

ALICE enters P.S. with a bundle; on seeing the confusion of both parties, ALICE stands surprised.

Alice. I beg pardon, Madam; your gown—I will look in again.

Jer. No, stay, young woman; Mrs J. will see you now. I'll go into the shop; mind you do n't take your eyes off the silver spoons; recollect she's been tried.

[7]

[*Aside to Mrs J. and exit P.S.*]

Mrs J. Vulgar, unfeeling—sit down, child; I shall be better soon.

Alice. Are you ill, madam? can I aid you?

Mrs J. No, no; my sensibility's a little excited; I am well now. So you have kept your word; you have made the alterations to the very moment you promised—very good child.

Alice. I hope it will please you; I have done my best with it.

Mrs J. Very good, very good—you intend to remain in this town then?

Alice. O yes, madam; the only hope of my existence binds me here.

Mrs J. The hope of hearing from Hammerton.

Alice. 'T is not that I mean, madam; though of course that forms part of what my heart desires.

Mrs J. You cannot surely be so silly as to hope to discover the robber of your uncle?

Alice. I do, I do, madam; Heaven's justice will not let cruel suspicion rest on an innocent girl for ever. I feel confident, madam, when I lay my head on my pillow every night, that I am nearer the time when the truth, by some ordination of Providence unseen and unknown, will be made manifest. I feel too that while I remain here—here where I have been branded—I am taking the wisest course to let time and my blameless life wear off the unmerited stain—did I fly, I should feel like a guilty coward, and by doing so, madam, I should abandon all hope of ever seeing my poor Harry.

Mrs J. You still love him then?

Alice. I loved him truly at the first—dearly, because I knew his worth; and I somehow think, when an innocent girl's heart is really given to a deserving object, that no time or change of circumstances can make her forgetful of her young first-love.

Mrs J. What would you give now for a letter from him?

Alice. (*Bursts into tears.*) O madam, do n't ask me.

Mrs J. Suppose now the post woman had one for you.

Alice. (*Eagerly rushes towards her, pauses, and looks steadfastly at her, then shakes her head and retires.*) No, oh no; if she had, the dear old woman would have run all the way to me with it. She knows, ah, she knows how I have watched and plagued her every day and cried when she said no, till at last, good soul, she used to cry with me and pat me and kiss me, and promise me one in a week, and go away from me ill as I was with the disappointment.

Mrs J. But she really had one for you to day.

Alice. (*Trembling.*) Oh, do n't joke with me.

Mrs J. I persuaded her I could bring it sooner, so got it from her.

Alice. (*Almost choked.*) Oh, madam! do n't be so cruel.

Mrs J. I was afraid you would n't get the dress done; here it is.

[*Shows letter.*

Alice. (*Unable to move for it.*) For—for me?

Mrs J. (*Giving it.*) Yes!

Alice. (*Shrieks.*) 'T is from him! (*She turns it over and over with bewildered glee.*) 't is a letter—Harry—yes, a letter—ha, ha, ha! from him, a real letter—oh! my eyes burn, and my throat—'t is reality—I dare not open it, Harry, dear! (*Kisses it, falls on both knees, holding it up.*) Heaven—heart—thanks—merciful!

[*Choaked by her sobs, tries to open it, succeeds in doing so, and falls insensible.*]

Mrs J. (*In great alarm.*) Poor girl, she'll die! help! water! oh! they'll be a month, I'll fetch some and some salts; here, Betty! Betty! [*Exit calling r.s., a momentary pause.*]

[8]
Mrs Jeremy
—servants.

JEREMY peeps in.

Jer. What's the matter with my wife? she's rushed up stairs like mad; why there's Alice on the ground; have they been a fighting? Ha! a letter from that dancing chap to my wife. (*Snatches it up.*) What shall I do? she's in her room? I'll lock her in; then read; I'll send Betty to this girl, then read; oh! if I discover—pistols, daggers, poison! I'll lock her in—yes, yes!

[*Exit r.s., hastily with the letter; after a moment's pause,*
CALEB KIT drunk, enters on the opposite side; stage partially dark.]

Caleb. I am afraid I've broke the—the glass,—in—in that damn'd hothouse; I'm afraid I have, but it's a near—near way in; where's the angelic individual? how the cursed place does gallopade!

[*Sits down on sofa.*]

Alice. (*Recovering, and striving to rise.*) Oh, cold! where—where am I?

Caleb. There's a cat moving in the room; puss, puss.

Alice. (*Struggling up at the voice.*) A man's voice! great heaven! what has happened? am I awake?

[*Meets with a chair, and sinks into it.*]

Caleb. It's a cat; puss, puss, (*Gets on his knees on the sofa.*) tshee, tshee, I hate rats.

Alice. (*Hearing the voice, has listened in thought.*) Who is in the room? I can see some one; is it you, Mr Jenkinson? [P]

Caleb. Is that you, divine creature? it's I;—I your—your devoted Caleb.

[*Approaching.*]

Alice. (*Quite bewildered.*) What's to be done! and what is this thought running in my mind about some letter?

[9]
Alice—Col-
lins, square
box, clasp
knife.

Caleb. How I came to seek one Angel, and stumble on another, I can't tell. Alice, my love, I keep a gig: I must have somebody to ride in it; it shall be you.

Alice. (*Starting as for the first time she seems to notice and comprehend.*) What means this jargon?

Caleb. Jargon! all eloquence, love's eloquence.

Alice. (*Wildly.*) What place is this?

Caleb. How odd, very!

Alice. (*Fiercely.*) Answer me.

Caleb. Why, as well as old Sloe Juice's wine will let me, I will. This is Jerry Treacle's parlor; ha ha!

Alice. (*With wild energy.*) It must be; she gave me the letter; you have found it; give it me.

Caleb. Give you what?

Alice. (*Almost mad.*) The letter.

Caleb. (*Struggling to kiss her.*) So I will, by word of mouth.

Alice. Back! you grapple with a tigress. Back! fool—
(*Dashes him from her—he falls—she rushes out, wildly shrieking*) my brain! the letter! Oh! mad! mad!

Caleb. (*Rolling on the ground.*) She's mad! she'll smash the whole of Jeremy's hothouse.

Mrs J. (*Rushing in.*) What is this? who locked me in? Alice! Alice!

Caleb. Mrs J! Mrs J!

Mrs J. Mr Kit, and on the ground!

Caleb. Topsy turvy, by Jove.

[*She assists him up; he gets on his knees; JEREMY followed by servants with lights, enters; he sees them.*

Jer. On his knees to her! crim con! pistols! actions! and bullets!

Mrs J. (*Staggering.*) Oh my character, my reputation!

Caleb. Topsy turvy, by Jove.

[*Mrs J. goes into a fit in a chair—JEREMY stamps about in extreme rage—CALEB in vain trying to get up—~~servants continue to enter~~—scene closed in.*

SCENE III.—*A Retired walk or avenue in Mr Jenkinson's garden.*

ALICE enters P.S. greatly agitated.

Alice. Stay, stay, Alice; why do you fly? will rapidity of action calm rapidity of thought—this maddening and chaotic

whirl? let me summon my firmness; the top of my poor head seems to open and burn; my tongue is parched and swollen to my mouth; yet I am not mad; no, no, there is Jenkinson's house and there the spire of the old church—my mother's grave is close to the east door; yonder too, is my own little garden and Sparable's weather-cock. I see, I recognise and I remember—my senses are entire, and I recollect she said she had withheld the letter for fear I should not finish her dress. Cold hearted selfish woman! yet I did not read the letter, no, I could not have forgotten one word of what Harry had written; what then could I have done with it? I will return to the house, procure a light and search—Yes, now, now.

[*Going, she encounters COLLINS P.S. ; he is dressed as an itinerant show man ; he wears a small round black patch closely pressed on one eye, but very pale, and bearing a square box strapped on his shoulders ; he puts out his hand, silently but knowingly impeding her.*]

Cad. Jest stay von minute, young 'oman.

Alice. (*Striving to pass eagerly.*) I cant, not a moment; Oh no.

Cad. (*Seizing her wrist.*) But yer must, no mistake about me; on a dark night in a lonesome place, I'm werry like a Emperor in my horders.

Alice. (*Alarmed.*) Who are you?

Cad. Vhy that's the werry question the beaks axes fust.

Alice. What—what do you want?

Cad. Why what are you trimbling for, jest like a aspin leaf? there a'nt nothin so werry unsightly in me, I take it.

Alice. O let me go, let me go.

Cad. So I vill when I gets what I vant.

Alice. I am poor; I live by my labor; I have no money.

Cad. O I arnt on that say, bless yer; it's only natur risin in my art that's all; answer me truly now, and stash all gammon, 'cause you see (*opens a large clasp knife — she shudders.*) look up, I wont have no faintin, a'nt that Mister Jeremy Jenkinson's house, eh?

Alice. Yes.

Cad. He's been a getting on, ant he?

Alice. I believe—

Cad. I suppose he's got some of the stuff by him.

Alice. I cannot tell, indeed, indeed—

[19]
Chrystal,
dark lant-
horn, wallet,
money bag—
Merriton—
Heaton—
Voices ready

Cad. Stand still, I arnt seen him since the night the Inn was robbed.

Alice. Oh, let me go !

Cad. Why, my dainty von.

Alice. I will tell you, only in pity let me go; the husband of my heart's love, left me on that night; I have watched and prayed for news of him, every moment since: to-night a letter came; I opened it, but my heart was so full, I could 'nt read, and it fell, and I became insensible, and somehow it is lost.

Cad. (*Quickly.*) And you not read it? ~~[11]~~

Alice. No, not a word; and I was going to search for it, for oh! I would lay down my life, my soul so yearns to look on his dear name; let me go.

Cad. Ah that I vill, poor thing: God forgive me for stoppin you von minute. [*Crosses to R.*]

Alice. (*eagerly rushes off P. S.*) Oh bless you, bless you! 6 L

Cad. Poor little thing; Lord! Lord! I'm quite a warment in a gul's way. Yet I never can bear to do nothing, to make the sinivating creatures cry—so that's my brother's house. I was obligated to bolt ven that robbery was put up; I thought they might suspect a gentleman returned from Wan Demons; but from this ere werry hour, we 'll never part, never no more, dear brother. 10.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Cornflower Inn—steps lead to doors in flat, supposed bed rooms—a window L. As the scene is discovered, CHRYSTAL BAXTER is seen getting through it; he has a dark lanthorn and a wallet or horse-bag—he listens cautiously.*

Chrys. Nobody saw me get in. This window were built on purpose to assist an industrious man; it be so easy to get out of my hay loft and along between the sloping roofs. I found it easy three years ago; before the stables were mine—ha, ha! —that's the door—under the bed he said—um! (*Listens.*) if he or any one do interrupt me, sooner than lose my character, I 'll —(*Opens large knife.*) Ah, character be all in this world, aye, aye; here's the bottle of turpentine, and the tow and wood; and I've put plenty of it among the hay; that's right, close up to the wooden wall; it'll do; no suspicion; fire and water do hide every thing; now for it.

[*He after listening, stealthily opens centre door, and exit into Merriton's bed-room. A moment's pause, and JOB*

~~[11].~~
Every body
to end Act.

MERRITON *ascends as if from below followed by Hearton.*

Job. Now, now, good Master Wilfred, thee may speak; those noisy soger chaps and clod-hoppers below, I dare not speak of money before they; there, sir, there it be in that room—my room, all safe, all right; only twenty pound short:—Oh, perhaps—Eh—you be so good—you be as a son to me—Eh—eh—it be only twenty.

Heart. I have it not to lend you, sir; I would to heaven I had; but seeing you so unhappy, I wished to speak to you to say that one way has just struck me.

Job. How I may get it? O tell me, tell me. (*A great noise below heard.*) O mercy! what be that? (*Voices and noise resumed. Voices heard to call.*) Merriton, Job Merriton, here here!

Heart. Let us descend—strangers have arrived; Come, come.

[*They exit.* CHRYSTAL *instantly appears coming from bed-room—he has a canvas bag of money in his hand.*

Chrys. I thought I were ruin'd, but all's safe; Ha, ha nearly four hundred more; quick, quick; I've placed the candle so that the tow and turpentine—hark—now to set fire to the hay; ha, ha! four hundred—Good.

[*Exit through window; a noise of quarrelling heard and JOB enters followed by HEARTON, JEREMY, MRS J., and two Countrymen with CALEB drunk.*

Jer. You're a constable—next week I shall be churchwarden—I give this man in charge.

Mrs J. For what, Mr Jenkinson? do you mean to insinuate any thing to injure my spotless name?

Caleb. O, my spotless reputation! I, the best dancing master for miles round!

Jer. I insist.

Caleb. And I insist—Mr Yard-measure Jenkinson, your wife's an angel; and Sloe Juice, the wine merchant's cursed port, turned me topsy-turvy in your parlor.

Jer. But I have proof—deep, dreadful proof—a letter; it was too dark to read it.

Heart. Stay, stay, this is serious.

Jer. Serious, I believe you.

Mrs J. (Sobbing.) It's all a hoax, and I defy him!

Cad. (Heard below.) Up the stairs, is they?—come a'long, little un.

ALICE rushes in followed by COLLINS.

Alice. Oh, madam, you are here!—the letter!—you have it—do not, for heaven's sake, deprive me of it!

Heart. Alice, what means—

Mrs J. Why, it means, Mr Hearton, that this wise churchwarden and cheesemonger, this sapient enticer of widow Jones, the undertaker, has found a letter she dropped, (*Pointing to ALICE.*) and dares accuse me—

Alice. (*Darting to him.*) Oh, dear sir, give it me; it is from Harry; poor Harry, who has been gone three years; I'm sure you will not refuse me, sir.

Jer. I do n't believe—

Cad. Yes, yes do.

Jer. I tell you I do n't—not one word!

Cad. Yes, yes, do every vord—give it to the poor thing, dear brother, and ve'll never part, never no more.

[*He whispers the latter part—JEREMY staggers nearly fainting—CADGER takes the letter and gives it to ALICE, who receives it with rapture—she kisses it—is about to to open it—suddenly recollects.*]

Alice. Uncle, this is from poor Harry; you know what was said when I was accused; 't was said I robbed you for him, and that he received the money, and then left me for ever; here is contradiction to one of the falsehoods. Dear uncle, dear uncle, do you believe the remainder? I'm sure you cannot; oh, before I open this let me hear you say so; I will then read it all—you shall be convinced there is no disguise; and here, dear uncle, here are my savings, and the presents I have had from poor Miss Ellen, and other good hearts; there are only twenty pounds; but it will help you to-morrow: you do not believe me guilty, nor Harry, do you? do you, dear, dear, uncle?

Job. (*Bursting into tears.*) No, no, dear Alice; I were indeed a wretch if I did.

[*She rushes into his arms.*]

Cad. Embrace your wife, and never quarrel no more.

[*JEREMY in agony submits.*]

Caleb. You're a good fellow—embrace me. [*Seizes CADGER.*]

Job. I have all the money now, dear niece—all, all, Hearton.

Alice. Now I am blest, indeed; and now for dear Harry's letter.

[*Kisses and opens it—a tremendous noise and shouts heard*]

See [2] every-
thing ready
for sale to
end Act

below—a glare of light seen—peasants, &c. rush in—

CHRYSTAL in agitation follows.

Omnes. What has happened?

Chrys. The inn and stables be a fire.

Job. Ha! my money, my money!

[Rushes towards bed room.]

Chrys. I left the horse bag with the turpentine: I shall be discovered. (*Aside.*) Stay—stop, old man, thee'll be burned.

[He seizes JOB near the door—they struggle, JOB calling out “My money! &c.”—both enter—flames seen within.]

Alice. (*In agony rushing up.*) My poor uncle will be lost! Oh, save him! save him!

[HEARTON seizes and draws her back—the scene falls in and discovers the whole interior in flames—JOB is by his box holding up the horse bag—CHRYSTAL snatches it, throws it into the flames—seizes JOB, they struggle,—he pushes the old man, who falls—the floor sinks with him—flames rush up—as he disappears, ALICE wildly screams—CHRYSTAL returns through the fire—all in confusion—Act drop falls on the Tableau.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

~~Chrysal
Baxter—Col-
lins—Caleb
Kit—Groom~~

SCENE I.—Exterior of the Cornflower Inn—a new and handsome modern posting house—the house of Mr Caleb Kit as in Act I., the dancing board taken down, the windows closed, and a large placard, on which is written “To let! enquire of Caleb Kit, Esq., Terpsichore Hall,” conspicuous over the door—the stage and the adjoining country covered with snow.

CHRYSTAL BAXTER, methodistically dressed as landlord, comes from the house R., followed by COLLINS flashily dressed for riding, rather tipsy.

Chrys. Come into the air, fool; Caleb himself hath taken possession of thee.

Cad. Right, my rum un; he's got his claws on my flapper now. *[Points to CHRYSTAL's hand on his arm.]*

Chrys. You will betray yourself.

Cad. No, no, old sanctity; that's not the rig you're afeard on; you thinks I may betray you.

Chrys. Speak lower; the voice travels so in frosty air.

Cad. Then vy not let me stop by the fire?

Chrys. You are so careless; the company might catch some word—you might endanger my character.

Cad. (*Laughing.*) Your character? ha, ha!

Chrys. What news have you brought? Know you anything of this St Leger?

Cad. St Leger? not I! I knows nothing of the St Legers, though my ancles and wrists does of the Darbys.

Chrys. Fool, why came you here? I told you never to come near.

Cad. I knows you did, my vicked un: but now I tell you, I shall ven I likes. I been here twice before.

Chrys. When?

Cad. On werry *memorable* 'casions. I 'd jest returned from my involuntary hexile when that robbery vas put up.

Chrys. Ha!

[*Aside.*

Cad. Of course I did n't stop for no enquiries, cos vy—cos I vasn't like you, *a man of character*. Ha, ha!

Chrys. And your second visit?

Cad. Vas on the werry night the ken vas dewoured by the raging helement, as the newspapers says. But what's this Leger, eh, old sanctity?

Chrys. Drunken sot! you have forgotten about the two Foreign gentlemen booked to come down in the coach in the name of St Leger, as far as Nettleton, with a hoard of money from abroad—they were then to come on horseback.

Cad. (*Regretfully.*) My eyes! all slipped me. I *was* touch'd when you told me—that is a pity. But now, my tight un, about this last job—the chap vot vas to get the gal's fortin, and—

Chrys. Hush!

CALEB KIT enters U.E.R. dress'd in the extreme of fashion, and fatter—GROOM following—CALEB is in elaborate mourning.

Caleb. (*Foppishly.*) You will promenade the horses on the road, up the middle and down again,—keep them warm, sar.

Groom. Yes, sir, but you told me to gallop hard.

Caleb. Gallopade! how dare you mention a dancing term of me, sir?

Groom. Me, sir!—I!

Caleb. Yes, you, sar;—you—you are sniggering—now go,

sir. (*Exit GROOM U.E.R.*)—such impudence! did you ever hear the like, Baxter? every body, forgetting I am now a gentleman, throws the dancing school in my teeth.

Cad. Great shame, sir!—I 'd punish the whole kit,

Caleb. (*Starting and eyeing Collins.*) Kit! perhaps you mean to insult me, sar?

Chrys. O no, I 'm sure not; a wild harum scarum youth, but of high birth, sir.

[*Whispering CALEB, who, quite softened, bows to COLLINS; he returns it vulgarly but profusely.*]

Cad. Ve vas a talking, Squire, of this ere late robbery.

Caleb. What, the robbery of poor Hearton? Ah, Baxter, sad thing!

Chrys. I pity him, sir; and the poor young lady, Miss Ellen; I could almost cry when I think of her; quite ruin'd, quite.

Cad. Almost cry! I should like to see a praying willain's tear; summut like a drop of akyfortus, I take it; clear and cold to the eye; but werry burning and destroying to what it seems to moisten. [*Aside.*]

Caleb. Hem! ' my brother magistrates—have they come? the *other* justices, eh? you know *we* are to meet here to-day; as the new Town Hall is n't finished; we are to form a set here to enquire into this matter.

Cad. Robberies is frequent about here, arnt they, Squire?

Caleb. Very.

Chrys. Alas! crime I fear is on the increase.

Cad. (*Looking at CHRYSTAL.*) Yes, in spite of the meetin ouses and them as goes to 'em.

Chrys. Silence, cur. (*Aside to COLLINS.*) Be pleased to walk in, sir; you will find a fine fire in the justice room.

Caleb. I shall take a glass or two of wine—perhaps you will honor me by selling to me.—Eh, sir!

[*Bowing to COLLINS, he returning.*]

Cad. You 're a good un, Squire; von of the right sort; so give us hands across on it.

Caleb. (*Drawing back offended.*) Hands across, sar! I can resent insult; (*Goes to the door.*) when the *other* justices of peacc arrive, I am ready for a partner, hem!

[*Enters the house offended, R.*]

Chrys. You hear, the magistrates are to be here.

Cad. Vell, the beaks vont urt us.

Mr Jeremy,
Mrs Jeremy

Chrys. But about this robbery?

Cad. Vell, I did n't do it,—hark ye ; its made a good gal, I 'm told, a beggar, and a fine young feller 'almost mad at losing it for her.

Chrys. It's a great pity.

Cad. (*Whispering.*) Pity ! let 'em have it back.

Chrys. Are you mad ? you surely would n't be so great a fool.

Cad. Think of the misery,—Vy, it makes me feel.

Chrys. So did the whip and the treadmill ;—go in,—go in.

Cad. You are the devil.

Chrys. Heaven forbid ! do n't mention the wicked one : go in,—go in. I will give you liquor, and gold, and a new job ; go in, go in.

Cad. Well, well ; on your head the crime is.

Chrys. Indulge your pity by the fire ; it's much more comfortable to be tender hearted there, than shivering here in the snow.

Cad. That's werry true, now : though some how, a scene like this here always seems to me a sort of landscape of the world's charity. There's enough of the lilly vite material here to make arts for a whole benevolent society.

Chrys. (*With a sneer.*) Quite a philosopher.

Cad. (*Fiercely seeing him.*) No ; though I'm a larceny cove, cracksman, gemman of the road, or any other title you chuse to give a thief, I arnt a philosopher, cos vy—I feel I've got a art. I do n't like misery myself, and I can't abide it in others. A woman's tears worse nor pison to me ; and so as I arnt got many wirtues, vhy I holds my tongue about the article. You trade in a different way ; you've got a sham stock of the commodity, and draws largely on the show you makes of it ; but, von day, my covey, von of your bills will be dishonor'd—there'll be a run on your character varehouse, the contents will be found hempty kivers, and all the conjoined sanctity of your snuffling set vont be able to save you from immortal smash : there's the pictur I draws for you—with a gallows in the distance, by way of enlivening the prospect.

[*Enters house R.*]

Chrys. The gallows is n't in the distance with you fool ; yet, should he be taken, how to save myself if he discloses ! I only went to meeting once last day : I *must* go every time—keep that up—I have not trusted him beyond those two last things on the road. He shall take for his share the few notes I took

from Hearton ; *they* may be traced—the bulk of the property is in jewels—I must quit this place when all has died over—not now, no—I must again seek for the pocket book I lost in the scuffle—the sudden fall of snow has hidden it—there is nothing in it but a close description of this fellow, and of Avis, my London accomplice—no one has ever seen me with it—there is nothing in it can point to me—no, I am safe—I always think of the lesson of our worthy preacher “Out of their own mouths shall be proven”—ha, ha ! all safe ; safe, yes, yes.

[*Enters house.*]

MR JEREMY *enters with Mrs J. muffled up.*

Mrs J. Don't hurry so pèrdigiously.

Mrs J. I shall, ma'am ; I've the natural warm feelings of a man in me, ma'am, and I do n't want 'em frozen into icicles : You see there.

[*Looking.*]

Mrs J. (Surprised.) Where ?

Mr J. There, do n't be pretending innocence, there.

[*Seizing her arm and pointing.*]

Mrs J. (Screaming.) Mercy on me, Mr J. ! you brute ! what do you take my arm for that you pinch it so ?—do you think I've got no feelings ?

Mr J. (Tragically beating his bosom.) Do you thing I have n't got none ?

Mrs J. He's mad, mad !

Mr J. That uninhabited house arnt got nobody living in it.

Mrs J. Well.

Mr J. If it had, and *he'd* a been the individual, you'd a walk'd quick enough to get here.

Mrs J. You're a fool—I wish I'd never left the Old Bailey.

Mr J. You'd ha been turned off there before now.

Mrs J. Monster ! I understand your vile insinuations ! in the the first place, did n't he, he you speak of, marry the rich widow Grains the brewer ?

Mr J. Yes.

Mrs J. Then dare you insinuate any thing against my fair immaculate fame with a married man ?

Mr J. No.

Mrs J. What do you mean then ?

Mr J. You know—ah, crokydile—you know his fat wife is gone dead, buried, and he's a widow. You smile—you dare to look pleased ; I'll be revenged.

~~81~~
~~Wary~~

~~42~~
~~Alice burnt~~
~~scrap of let-~~
~~ter—Merci-~~
~~ton.~~

~~81~~

3.

Mrs. J. And so will I, sir—I 'll be divorced—separate maintenance—damages for injured innocence: you dare not tell Mr Caleb this.

Mr J. Dare not! oh, how I wish our Anti-nudity Tepid and Cold Bath Club was down here; why, I challenged every one of its members.

Mrs J. Pooh, pooh!

Mr J. Pooh, pooh! oh, (*With the resignation of despair.*) it's all over now: a woman that would pooh, pooh to her husband.

Mrs J. I know you challenged the club.

Mr J. (*Running to her triumphantly.*) There, madam.

Mrs J. But it was to swim across the New River.

Mr J. Oh, oh.

CHRISTAL enters from House O.P.

Chrys. Squire Caleb Kit desires your worship's company.

Mrs J. He shall vindicate me, he shall; I'll seek him: come, sir, come and prove your words. [*Rushes into house O.P.*]

Chrys. Will you walk in, sir?

Mr J. No, sir, I wont have nothing to do with that man; I wont hold no converse with him; (*CHRISTAL going.*) but you need n't tell him so; you are a religious man and would n't provoke quarrels: mix me a glass in the little back bar by myself, and I'll come in. (*Exit CHRISTAL into house O.P.*) I'll appeal to the law; but then that separate maintainance; surely they would n't allow her more than—eh, a pound, or thirty shillings a week; um, if they should—ha, then about my own rights. I'm like a raging lion when I think on it; all fight and courage from top to toe: she's telling him now; perhaps he'll come out here—perhaps he will—I'll not demean myself by a blackguard contention, no how, nor I would n't break my country's laws with pistols—no, no how—he's coming; I wont stay to disgrace myself; no, no how.

[*Hurries off the opposite way.*]

SCENE II.—*Interior of Alice's habitation—she is discovered preparing her dinner—old Merriton weak and ill is sitting wrapped up and bandaged by the fire.*

Alice Gray. *vs. Alice sets the*

Alice. (*Spreading her neat tablecloth.*) I will prepare the dinner, dear uncle, and strive to make every thing as cheerful as I can. When poor Miss Ellen wakes, she may be induced

[5]
Merriton—
of the table,
sol.

fetches

to eat a morsel; I'm sure it looks very nice, don't it, dear uncle? [Fondling him.]

Job. (*Querulously.*) Don't, do n't—you hurt me; don't touch me! do you mind, girl?

Alice. I will, dear uncle; I did n't mean to hurt you.

Job. (*Softened.*) No, no, I'm sure you did n't—I'm an ungrateful old man; but you forgive me when pain makes me cross to you.

Alice. Forgive! I never feel that I have any thing to forgive: can I be angry with *you*, you who protected my early years, and fed and clothed me?

Job. Hush, hush; I turned you out of doors; I branded you with a prison and a trial; I ruined your fame, name, and spotless fame; and I refused to give you a morsel: I am an old wretch.

Alice. (*Striving to be cheerful.*) Uncle, uncle, fie! fie! you must n't fib.

Job. I did all this to you, yet you work'd early and late to lend me your savings.

Alice. Don't speak of it, do n't.

Job. I will; and then, at the hazard of your life, you rushed into the fire, and dragged my worthless, seared, maimed, carcase from it—you've nursed me—giving your little pallet to me, and slept upon the floor: you are thin, for you forego food to procure *me* a doctor—you are ragged for you have sold your clothes to procure me restoratives. Alice, I am not blind; my more than daughter, I have watched all this.

Alice. (*On her knees by his side.*) Dear Uncle, what do I want with clothes? I never feel inclined to go out; so that I see *you* recover—so that I feel *your* fearful burns are healing, I am happy. Besides, dear uncle, Harry *will* yet come home;—though his dear letter was lost to me—burned before I had read it. I have yet a morsel of it saved; see, see—(*Takes a half burnt scrap from her bosom and unfolds it. Reads.*) “Ever true to my own Alice, by time or distance still unchangeable. Yours affectionately,—Harry Hammerton.” There it is, dear Uncle; bless him—I'm happy though tears are in my eyes—though my heart has been wearing away with a hope ever struggling not to die—bless him! bless him!

HEARTON enters—his appearance is pale and haggard—his arm is in a sling—ALICE motions silence to him.

Hearton. (*In a whisper.*) Is she here then?

Alice. Yes, there ; (*Pointing.*) She is sleeping, poor thing ; she cried herself off—but sit down, Mr Wilfred ; how pale you look ! why did you venture out, so badly wounded as you are ?

Heart. I have master'd the faintness arising from loss of blood ; and as there is a meeting of the magistrates to enquire into particulars of the robbery, it is my duty to attend ; calling at Miss Mordaunt's and finding her out, I supposed she—

Alice. Might be here ; yes ! she is here, and has been grievously more for your wounds than her loss of property.

Job. Could you not recognize the robber ?

Heart. No ! it was dark ; I heard his horse's feet, I saw the outline of a tall man wrapped in a cloak, and as he passed me, I received a pistol ball which struck me from my horse ; my arm was broken, the fall stunned me, and on recovering my senses, I found I had been rifled ; a heavy snow had fallen, and all trace of the robber and would be murderer had vanished.

Alice. I wish my uncle had the twenty pounds he borrowed of you to repay you now, Mr Wilfred ; but, somehow, I feel there will come a time.

Job. There will, girl ; there—

CHRYSTAL enters D.O.P. flat at back.

will ; pray with me, Alice, that the cruel robber, who destroyed your uncle and yourself—and he who has now ruthlessly ruined two young and noble hearts, may soon from the laws of their country, meet the doom they merit ; pray—

Chrys. (*Abruptly coming forward.*) Master Hearton, the magistrates are at my house.

Job. Ah, Chyrstal ! you are a strict man, your prayers will be heard ; pray with us, that the accursed robber and destroyer may soon be discovered.

Chrys. (*Agitated.*) The magistrates be a wanting you.

Heart. I attend them.

Job. (*Excitedly.*) Pray, Chyrstal, that the villain ! the robber, may be found ! may be hung ! may die amidst the curses of all honest folks ! dost thee hear ? pray—

[*CHRYSTAL retains the sanctity of his appearance, till he has bowed HEARTON out of the Cottage, he then turns on MERRITON, and with brutal fierceness speaks.*

Chrys. Hold thee damn'd tongue !

Alice. How !

Chrys. (*Changing his manner.*) For damna'd it will be, if you be so uncharitable.

Job. Charitable to the wretch who destroyed me?

Chrys. Hush! I did n't come to hear you complain, but to propose how I might restore you.

Job. How!

Chrys. Alice knows; I gave her from last Sunday till to-day to think of it.

Alice. And I have thought of it; and I will work on night and day—work contentedly. I can earn enough to support my uncle and myself, and he will be content too—so I am happy; will you not, uncle, will you not?

Job. I will, my poor child, I will.

Chrys. Then he shall be content in a gaol, for there I'll send him, if you refuse to marry me; yes! send him this very hour; I lent twenty pounds, mayhap he has forgotten it.

Alice. Oh no! you would not be so merciless!

Chrys. Would I not? and this cottage happens to be mine too, is that forgotten? there's some rent not paid, I take it; mayhap you can work and be happy in the open air, for out you turn.

Alice. Oh, villain!

Chrys. Do you hear, old man? mayhap an old cripple like you wont die in a gaol? and mayhap she who robbed you—

Alice. Liar!

Chrys. She who robbed you, and brought you to it, wont be guilty of your murder?

Alice. Heartless wretch, no!

Chrys. And mayhap the world wont say so?

Alice. No! it dares not; it is not so madly foolish—it cannot think so—'t is not in nature; yes! I forgot, it thinks you religious and humane.

Chrys. Will you consent?

Alice. No!

Chrys. Indeed! (*Seizes old MERRITON roughly.*) will you to gaol, old man?

Job. (*Rising firmly erect.*) Yes! to gaol; to die—to rot—before I'd see my innocent poor lamb, the prey of such a savage wolf in sheep's clothing; I'm ready—take me—ready—strong—ready.

[*Falls backwards exhausted in his chair.*]

Chrys. Do you see that? that be your work.

Alice. No, villain! it is yours.

Chrys. (*Advancing.*) If he dies I'll drag him there.

Alice. (*Seizing a knife from the table.*) You shall die if you lay finger on him.

Chrys. (*Taking pistol from his pocket—after a pause.*) I would soon settle that.

Alice. (*Almost fainting.*) I would proclaim you to the world.

Chrys. Indeed; and who would believe what was said by a suspected character like you, when you spoke against a man of my known reputation? no one—they would laugh you to scorn—you are without a mistress.

Ellen. (*Coming calmly from room at back, p.s.*) No, she is not, Chrystal Baxter; I have heard all.

Chrys. Damnation! (*Recovering.*) I hope you have, young lady—you then heard the good I proffered—humbled myself to ask—nay, even threw aside my nature so far as to threaten, that I might force her, for her own good, into comfort and plenty. You have heard all this.

Ellen. I have heard enough to convince me you are a heartless, cruel man; who, (under the mask of sanctity) regard neither the dictates of humanity, nor the tender pleadings of pity.

'T is such as you, sir, who give the irreligious cause to suffer at the doctrines of the church;—and I feel that she could do no better service to society than to unmask so base and dangerous a character.

Chrys. Really, a very pretty sermon from a beggar, Miss; ha, ha, ha! I'm pretty well revenged, though: as for the others, I'll send the bailiffs down at once; yea, the Philistines shall come upon them; ha, ha! (*Aside.*) You will, perhaps, pay the money they owe, Miss Mordaunt? I will send a gentleman, quite a gentleman; ha, ha! good morning. [*Exit D. in F.*]

Ellen. Alice, cheer up, he is gone.

Alice. (*Faintly.*) Look to my uncle; they will drag him to prison.

Ellen. No, no; Baxter will never be so cruel.

Alice. Ah, you do not know; I have had strange thoughts (Heaven forgive me!) about that man: do you mark how he has risen, as it were, out of every misfortune of my uncle's—ha! (*A sudden thought.*) she has promised me often—I can but try—(*Aside.*) Uncle, I will soon return—Miss Ellen will stay with you till then—I am going to a friend—they shall not drag you to prison: you will stay, will you not, dear madam? A something whispers me I shall succeed: oh, if I should,

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Harry Ham-
merton's
locket, min-
iature, Je-
remiah.

how grateful will I be : how I will work to repay her—I wont be long—great Heaven, I pray, assist me !

[*Puts on her bonnet, &c. during the above, and hurries out D. in F.*

Job. (*Tremblingly.*) Has she gone?

Ellen. She will soon return, sir.

Job. Do n't believe it, do n't believe it ; she finds I must go to a prison, and she wont be longer troubled with me.

Ellen. She has not deserved this, Mr Merriton.

Job. Deserved it—no, don't look, do n't speak kindly to me, a wretch, ungrateful and unthankful. Oh, what has pain and misfortune made of me ! yet it do seem scarcely possible she can be so kind to one who so ill used, and doubted, and injured her—hark ! they be coming : yes, I do see the gaol door—hark !

Ellen. Don't alarm yourself so : perhaps it is Alice returning.

Job. No, no, I do hear the clank of a prison in their very tread ; cold, and stormy, and heartless : they be stopped at the door—let 'em come ; they *must* let me out when I be dead.

The door opens and CLUMP and BILLET enter—they look all round, then CLUMP calls without.

Clump. T'young lass beant here.

Cad. (*Without.*) All's right, my reg'lar—I'm with you ; (*Enters.*) but here's another on 'em. I cant abide it ; I hopes, ma'am, you vont offer no unpleasant obstructions to the werry unpleasant business we've come about in this singular unpleasant manner.

Ellen. What is it, sir?

Cad. Why, you see, I'm not much used to it, ma'am ; that made me particklar about Alice being here : I do n't know how it is, but when a man's got a nasty job in hand, he do n't like the eye of voman, even a strange 'un, to be upon him.

Job. Thee be come to take me to a prison.

Cad. Well, that's very good as a guess, old un.

Job. Thee, Jacob Clump, came a poor sick beggar to Heathfield, and I took pity on thee looks, and gave thee a bed, and broths, and a doctor, till thee got well, and a home and employment afterwards, till grub the lawyer gave thee a shilling or two more, and now thee be come to take me to prison.

Cad. (To CLUMP.) My eyes, but you're a nice un. Jest the very stuff what they makes bailiffs of.

Clump. Dooty; master, dooty—do yours, read that!

[Gives paper to CADGER.]

Cad. What, me remain here and take the poor things' cheers and tables, for rent!—if I do I am blessed! Oh, I sees I must put a stop to these here wagaries: take the old gemman to gaol, Mr Gratitude—I've a word or two for preaching—Chrystal shall soon bring him back.

Ellen. Will you though, good stranger? will you? Heaven will bless you for it!

Cad. (Starting from her.) Don't touch my hand, miss; I's arnt worthy; I mean it arnt a werry clean un. Heaven bless me: Lord love you—I'm afeard I'm too far gone for that—a bad fellow, miss, werry; why, the old man's asleep,—or dead—no—a bit of a faint: take him out gently into the garden for air, then across the field is the shortest way—there, gently, gently—come along, miss; we'll soon have all right again, that we will; gently, gently.

[MERRITON is carried off R. by the men ELLEN supporting him—COLLINS directing—the door opens and a stranger in a rich oriental garb appears—he enters, followed by JEREMY—the stranger is HARRY HAMMERTON.]

Har. (Looking round.) You are sure this is the house, sir?

Jer. Quite sure: I wonder who he is! (Aside.) He carries no rhubarb box.

Har. Bless the hearthstone and roof tree of her dwelling, my poor girl! I could kiss every plank in the neatly scrubbed floor.

Jer. What an odd man!—blesses the hearthstone: what would he do to the scrubbing brushes, since he admires the clean floor? [Aside.]

Har. My heart is bumping up and down in my bosom like an engine's piston. Dear Alice—she has felt poverty, eh?—and how did it come on her, eh?

Jer. If you mean Alice Gray, she has indeed been poor.

Har. What began it?

Jer. She was tried for a robbery, and—

Har. (Darting at him.) Robbery? liar! (Shaking him.) Oh, I wish I had you where I have come from, I'd do myself the pleasure of seeing all the skin off the soles of your feet, though I had to bastinado you myself.

~~[9]~~
Alice

Jer. (*Frightened—adjusting his dress.*) 'Pon my word, I 'm much obliged, Mr What's-yer-name; but I 'm a magistrate, and we allow no sole and heel skinning here, except amongst the fishes: it 's true, however—she *was* tried and acquitted.

Har. Of course; I knew that.

Jer. Oh, you did; then why did you say she was n't tried?

Har. Go on; what next?

Jer. Why, then she took to sewing, till her uncle was sewed up by having his house burnt down. since then she's been glad to do any kind of hard work to support the old cripple.

Har. Bless her, bless her! her pretty little fingers have al got horny and hard, eh? I'll love 'em better than all the digets of a duchess. Well?

Jer. Well, well, that's all; excepting that they've got poorer and poorer every day. I've often seen her go with a bundle into Ticket the Pawnbroker's, and come without one.

Har. Poor girl! So you've got a pawnbroker's, eh, in Heathfield?

Jer. Oh, bless you, we've improved every way.

Har. Improv'd, do you call it? I might have been sure there was a pawnboker's, though, for I saw a fine white fronted house, with a large lamp, and the word Gin in large letters in its window—and three brass plates with the names of lawyers on them. Three lawyers and a gin palace,—a pawnbroker's is a necessary—

Jer. And my late establishment, with a large golden sheep hanging over the door,—did you see that?—kept now by young Mr Jones, a widow's son, a handsome youth, supposed to be like me. Why, what are you about?

[*During the above, HARRY has seated himself at the table, and commences eating heartily.*]

Har. About! why, clapping on more fuel: we engineers know, that to keep the steam up, the furnace must be fed.

Jer. You are an engineer then?

Har. I am; I was a smith—ran away from a cruel creditor—went to sea—in Egypt, attracted the Pasha's notice; by repairing an engine, which then working one of his military supply purposes—no other workmen near—became of great value; he employed me ashore—made a Bey of me—and installed me his principal engineer—showered gold and presents on me—till at last, a poor runaway smith is enabled to come home one of the richest men in merry England.

8.

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Jeremy —
Collins —
Harry Ham-
merton — Mr
Denbure,
pocket-book
2ce — Caleb,
2ce — Hear-
ton — Ellen
— Clump —
Billet, &c. —
Every body
for last scene

Jer. Allow me to wish you joy, sir ; and I have an idea a bit of meat 's a rarity in this house. (*Aside.*) I'll just step into the garden, and see if any of the folks is in the way. [*Exit R.*]

Har. So my pretty Alice has drooped in the world ; cruel ! cruel ! not to write to me—ha ! (*Seeing picture.*) as I live, my picture ! (*Starts up, and snatches it.*) Yes ! 't is me ; she thinks of me then—dear Alice—you sometimes looked on this, and sighed for him, who was toiling under a hot sun, with the plague his next door neighbor, that he might earn competence for you. Here is the locket you prized so ; it has always lain with your dear portrait on my heart ; I will tie it round this, now, that you may guess your faithful Harry is near you. (*Ties it on miniature, and hangs it up.*) I told her in my letter how I got it, so when she sees it, she will know I am returned ; I cant stop here I must scour the village through, till I find her ; where is Hearton ? or Baxter ? or Caleb ? some of them will lead me to her ; I shall go mad, if I am more delayed ! my own Alice, what will be her joy when she sees me—what my triumph, when I face my old oppressors—my poor dead father's creditors—as I tell down the full sum to each, with the just and honest interest—I shall feel prouder than an emperor ! and the story of my struggles shall incite the heart of youth to industry, when I am cold and mouldering in the grave ; Alice ! dear Alice ! now for thee and love. [*Exit O.R.*]

ALICE enters hurriedly, her appearance is jaded, she throws herself quickly into a seat.

Alice. I can find her nowhere, nor him either ; I have no one else I can ask, and the poor old man is in a cold dungeon. He will die, yes, die and curse me, and I might have saved him—my poor mother's brother, whom she loved so dearly—I might have saved him, and I would not ; how—ah ! marry Chrystal ; my flesh creeps on my bones, when I name him ; marry—desert my Harry, and wed a being I loathe—loathe—oh, let me die at once ! (*Bursts into tears—after a moment's pause endeavors to master her emotion.*) I know not what to do ; but for the poor old man's sake, I must forget my own insults ; yes, yes ! I was wicked to wish to die while he is in a prison, with no one to take him a morsel of food—time will prove my innocence—I will hope—I will hope yet ; I will take him his dinner to the gaol, he said he was hungry, and—(*Starts on seeing the table.*) gone, gone ! the only food we had ; Oh, this is cruel !

what—what *can* I do? he will starve before my eyes, and I *can* save him; yes, I will not think—but Heaven will forgive me, for praying for death, before I leave the church; Harry, should you ever come back, then you—ha!

[*Stands for a moment transfixed, as at the mention of HARRY'S name—she raises her eyes to the portrait, and sees the locket—she passes her hand across her eyes, and looks again, as if doubting the evidence of her senses.*

The locket! my mother's locket! (*Darts to it, and clutches it.*) it is; what thought flashes like a lightning stroke across my brain? (*Speaks rapidly.*) this was locked up with my uncle's money and was stolen with it; it may point the thief, it may—(*Pauses to think.*) I'll fly to a Magistrate; yes, it will clear my name; blessed proof, it will secure the miscreant. Heaven aid me—my strength falters—heart, bear up till all is over—burst—burst then—burst then—I shall be happy.

[*Rushes frantically out D. in F.*

SCENE III.—*The Justice Room in the Inn—large windows fill almost the whole of the back of the stage, through them is seen a snowy landscape, &c.—a fire burns R.—a clock stands L.—a glass door at the back, two others R. and L.—the wings enclosed, &c.*

JEREMY discovered, seated disconsolately by the fire.

Jer. I'm a miserable man, nothing can add to my misery; yet there's a gleam of comfort, I've got the best room, and *that* Kit is in the little bar—(*COLLINS appears, recognizes him, and approaches softly.*) sneaking in the little bar; I'll have a double magnum to comfort me.

Cad. (*Approaching him, and going down on his knees.*) I'm come to comfort you: open your harms, and take me to your art.

Jer. (*Starting up.*) Who are you?

Cad. Do n't you know your truly 'fectionate brother?

Jer. Not hung yet?

Cad. How's your wife, my rum un? [*Embracing him.*

Jer. Go, fly; there's been a robbery—that accounts for seeing you.

Cad. Pure filial 'fection, dear brother.

Jer. If they take you?

Cad. Jest say I'm your brother. It's a werry fine thing to have respectable connixions.

[*Linking arms with him—HARRY is seen to dismount at the door—he rushes in down R.*

Har. So you are here, sir: have you found Alice? How altered is this once peaceful and innocent place! I hear of nothing but robberies: officers from London are arrived.

[*Lays his cloak down—COLLINS in alarm.*

Cad. Traps from Lunnon, eh? where—the game's up—where are you going to hide me, you unnatural brother, you?

[*Seizing JEREMY aside—HAMMERTON looks through the glass door.*

Jer. Me—I—I hide you?

Cad. One word of where I am, and I blows your brains out, dear brother.

[*Quickly enters the clock case—JEREMY staggers back, and supports himself with a chair.*

Har. Ha! 'tis she, and hurrying this way—I recognise her, though so pale and altered: how pale and wild she looks! Who are those following her? one has my locket in his hand—I know him—my cruel creditor. If she sees me suddenly, it may prove too much for my poor girl.

[*Seats himself, and lays his face on the table as if sleeping—ALICE, her hair dishevelled, rushes in through glass door, followed by MR DEMURE, CALEB, HEARTON, ELLEN, CLUMP, BILLET, and Villagers—she attempts to speak, but is falling, when HEARTON catches her.*

Caleb. (To MR D.) I can swear to hearing old Merriton a hundred times say, he had locked up that locket with the money which was stolen, and that it was taken likewise by the robbers.

Mr D. She has just said so: had it been found on her when tried for the robbery, it would have condemned her.

[*They consult crowding together.*

Jer. (Looks fearfully to the clock.) He's stopped the clock; Oh dear! oh dear! he'll be found; he'll be hung; my blood freezes, and my hair begins to bristle. [*Aside.*

[*They have placed ALICE in a chair—she revives slowly—*

CHRYSTAL enters.

Chrys. The London Officers want to speak with your worship. (He looks round.) Oh, he's gone; all be right then.

[*Aside.*

Mr D. I will go to them.

Chrys. (Seeing the locket and starting.) Eh, it be, it be!

Caleb. (*Aside.*) He knows it too, you see.

Mr D. We'll hear what the girl says first—I'll soon return; come, Chrystal; come with me.

Chrys. (*His eyes fixed on the locket from which he has never moved them.*) Yes, sir; the devil be turned against me; where did that come from? I must think.

[*Aside, following MR DEMURE out, without moving his eyes off the locket—all look at ALICE who is endeavoring to recall her senses—JEREMY seizes the opportunity to look at the clock—he encounters the face of COLLINS looking out—he calls out and falls back in his chair—COLLINS disappears.*

Alice. (*Starting up and searching.*) Where is it? if it be lost, I am ruined!

MR DEMURE enters, pocket book in his hand—CHRYSTAL pale and agitated enters, gazing at it.

Mr D. Strang news, gentlemen; the Officers in searching the scene of the late robbery have found this:—here is a description of two notorious highwaymen written in it. Listen—"Jenkinson, alias Crabs, alias Cadger Collins;" a flash swell now in luck, and—

Cad. (*Watching from the clock.*) My eye!

[*Disappears. All start and look round.*

Jer. (*In confusion.*) It was me spoke: when I heard my name—um—Jenkinson—Oh, lord—

Mr D. Doubtless, one of the robbers who shot Mr Hearton: I have sent the Officers for old Merriton, so we'll first attend to this locket.

Alice. (*As he produces it.*) Ah, yes; I gave it to you, sir; that may lead to the discovery of the cruel robbers of my uncle.

Mr D. It may, girl; did you ever see this locket?

Chrys. Ye—yes; on the night when poor Aunt Margery died: while I were gone to close her poor eyes, the robbery were committed.

Mr D. Girl, how came you by it now?

Alice. I found it twisted round a picture of a friend—a dear absent friend, only a few minutes since in my poor house.

Mr D. And you know not who placed it there?

Alice. No, sir; I flew with it to you—I told you so, when I came to you as a magistrate for your advice.

Mr D. It is a most improbable tale you tell; think you we

can believe the robber would willingly throw a trace in the way of justice?

Alice. I have told the truth.

Mr D. I wish it may prove so: was it lock'd up with your uncle's money?—was it not stolen with that money?

Alice. It was.

Mr D. Yet you wish us to believe? Girl, you are guilty!

Har. Alice! Alice!

Alice. (*Starting wildly.*) That voice!

Har. (*Rising and rushing to her.*) My dearest Alice, 't is Harry, your true Harry.

[*She shrieks and rushes into his arms.*

Cad. (*Looking from the case.*) They've laid that ere book on the table; it's the prayin willain's own—I wish I could grab it.

[*Retires.*

Har. I placed the locket where it was found that she might know I had returned.

Mr D. She knew then that you had it?

Har. She did.

Alice. (*Starting.*) No, Harry, no.

Chrys. Take notice of that, they contradict each other.

Mr D. How did she know you had it?

Har. I told her of it in a letter some time since.

Mr D. Where is that letter?

Alice. Here, here is part of it; it was burnt in saving my uncle from the fire.

Mr D. But you had read it?

Alice. No, I had but just received it.

Mr D. Incredible!

Alice. Indeed, sir, it is true. Yes, Harry; I had been watching and watching, and praying and praying but for a line from you, one line to prove you had not forgotten your poor Alice: I was too happy when it came: I could n't read for tears; and then that dreadful fire—I saw the old man sinking through the cracking floor, and I rush'd in to save him. Your letter was in my hand, it fell, I missed it, and madly braved the flames to save it; but too late, too late—I preserved but this, this dear assurance of your love, it has been my stay and solace since.

Har. Dear beloved Alice! her words are true as heaven, I know they are, can you doubt? oh! I remember me, you are the man of mercy; you proffered me three months grace for my

Handwritten signature/initials.

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